

C

THE NATION

AND ATHENÆUM

VOLUME XLV - - No. 17
REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER

SATURDAY, JULY 27th, 1929.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

PRICE SIXPENCE
POSTAGE IN THE U.K. AND ABROAD 1d.

CAN MR. THOMAS CONQUER UNEMPLOYMENT?

THE SCHOOL LEAVING AGE

'A BABBLER OF GREEN FIELDS A. A. MILNE

BITTER-SWEET W. H. M.

READY ON MONDAY

J. B. PRIESTLEY'S

long novel in the grand manner

THE GOOD COMPANIONS

ALL provincial England—wide spaces and crowded streets, big towns and little towns, fairs, dingy old theatres, queer lodgings and the open road—is the scene of Mr. Priestley's rich and massive novel. It tells, with the author's own blend of sympathy, exuberance, and truth, the fortunes of three truants—a little Yorkshire working man, a lady from the Cotswolds and a young Prep. School master, who, running away from their daily rounds and common tasks, ran into each other, and formed, together with some stranded players, the troupe known as *The Good Companions*. The curious adventures that each encountered before they met; the gifts which fortune showered on the strolling company, the chances that scattered them at last, make an excellent plot to a large and generous novel, brilliantly written in the very spirit of kind comedy.

652 pages - - - - - 10s. 6d. net

HEINEMANN

London Amusements.

MATINEES FOR THE WEEK.

DRURY LANE. Wed. & Sat., 2.30.	THE NEW MOON.	LYRIC, Hammersmith. Wed., Sat., 2.30.	LA VIE PARISIENNE.
DUKE OF YORK'S. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.	"TESS OF THE D'UBERVILLES."	PRINCE OF WALES. Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.	JOURNEY'S END.
CAIETY. Tues. & Fri., 2.30.	"LOVE LIES."	SHAFTESBURY. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.	"PERSONS UNKNOWN."
GARRICK. Mon., Wed., Thurs., 2.30.	"THE STRANGER WITHIN."	STRAND. Wed. & Sat., at 2.30.	"BEAUTY."
HIPPODROME. Wed., Thurs. & Sat. 2.30.	"MR. CINDERS."	VAUDEVILLE. Mon. & Thurs., 2.30.	THE CO-OPTIMISTS.
HIS MAJESTY'S. Wed. & Sat., 2.30.	BITTER SWEET.	WYNDHAM'S. Sat., 2.30.	"EXILED."
LONDON PAV. Tues. & Thurs., 2.30.	"WAKE UP AND DREAM."		

THEATRES.

MALVERN FESTIVAL
August 19th to 31st

BARRY JACKSON presents Plays by
BERNARD SHAW

including THE APPLE CART (First Performance):
BACK TO METHUSELAH: HEARTBREAK HOUSE:
CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA

With Edith Evans and Cedric Hardwicke.

For Particulars apply THE THEATRE, MALVERN.

ALDWYCH. (Gerrard 2304.)

NIGHTLY, 8.15. MATINEE, WED., 2.30.

"A CUP OF KINDNESS."

TOM WALLS, Mary Brough and RALPH LYNN.

DRURY LANE. (Temple Bar 7171.) EVGS., 8.15. Mats., Wed., Sat., at 2.30.

"THE NEW MOON" A Romantic Musical Play.

EVELYN LAYE, GENE GERRARD, HARRY WELCHMAN.

DUKE OF YORK'S. (Ger. 0313.) SMOKING. EVENINGS, at 8.30.

"TESS OF THE D'UBERVILLES."

MATINEES, THURSDAY & SATURDAY, at 2.30.

CAIETY. (Gerr. 2780.) EVENINGS, 8.15. Mats., Tues. and Fri., 2.30.

"LOVE LIES" A New Musical Play.

LADDIE CLIFF. STANLEY LUPINO.
Madge Elliott, Cyril Ritchard, Connie Emerald.

GARRICK. (Gerr. 9513.) EVGS., 8.40. MATS, WEDS. & THURS., 2.30.

"THE STRANGER WITHIN." By Crane Wilbur.

With OLGA LINDO and MALCOLM KEEN.

EXTRA MATINEE MONDAYS, 2.30. LAST WEEKS.

HIPPODROME, London. All Seats bookable. Ger. 0650.

EVENINGS, 8.15. MATS., WED., THURS. & SAT., 2.30.

"MR. CINDERS." A New Musical Comedy.

BINNIE MALE. BOBBY HOWES.

HIS MAJESTY'S. NIGHTLY, at 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.

CHARLES B. COCHRAN'S PRODUCTION

"BITTER SWEET."

Book, Lyrics and Music by NOEL COWARD.

LONDON PAVILION. EVGS., 8.30. Mats., Tues. & Thurs., 2.30.

CHARLES B. COCHRAN'S 1929 REVUE

"WAKE UP AND DREAM."

LYRIC Hammersmith. Riverside 3012. EVENINGS, at 8.30.

LA VIE PARISIENNE Music by Offenbach.

Produced by Nigel Playfair. Matinees, Wed. and Sat., at 2.30.

PRINCE OF WALES. EVGS., 8.30. MATS., THURS., SAT., 2.30. Gerr. 7482.

"JOURNEY'S END."

"All London should flock to see it."—HANNEN SWAFFER.

THEATRES.

ST. MARTIN'S. (Ger. 1243.) EVGS., at 8.40. MATS., TUES., FRI., 2.30.

"A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT."

EDNA BEST. CATHLEEN NESBITT. DORA GREGORY.
HERBERT MARSHALL. ATHOLE STEWART. C. M. LOWNE.

SHAFTESBURY. (Gerrard 6666.) Smoking Permitted.

"PERSONS UNKNOWN" by EDGAR WALLACE.

EVENINGS, at 8.30. MATINEES, THURS. & SAT., 2.30.

STRAND. (Ger. 3830.) EVENINGS, 8.40. MAT., WED. & SAT., 2.30.

CHARLES LAUGHTON and ISABEL JEANS in "BEAUTY."

LADY TREE. ENA GROSSMITH. ERIC MATURIN. E. LYALL SWETE.

VAUDEVILLE. EVGS., at 8.30. Mats., Mon., Thurs., 2.30. Ger. 3815.

RETURN OF THE CO-OPTIMISTS,

"A TRIUMPHANT COME-BACK."—Daily Telegraph.

WYNDHAM'S. JOHN GALSWORDTHY'S "EXILED."

NIGHTLY, 8.30. MATINEE, SAT., 2.30. (Last 3 Perfs.)

EDMUND GWENN, LEWIS CASSON, MABEL RUSSELL, J. H. ROBERTS.

VARIETIES.

COLISEUM. Charing Cross. Three Times Daily, 2.15, 5.15, 8.15.

Week commencing July 29th.

SUPER VARIETY including "TALKIES."

Managing Director: SIR OSWALD STOLL.

CINEMAS.

EMPIRE, Leicester Square. Con., Noon—Midnight. Suns., 6.0—11 p.m.

GRETA GARBO and JOHN GILBERT in

"A WOMAN OF AFFAIRS."

Also KARL DANE and GEO. K. ARTHUR in "DETECTIVES."

PICCADILLY. Daily, 2 & 8. Sundays, 6 & 8.30.

Last Two Weeks to SEE and HEAR DOLORES COSTELLO in

"THE GLAD RAG DOLL."

Warner Bros. VITAPHONE Production. Preceded by "ZERO."

All Seats Bookable. (Regent 4506.)

REGAL. Marble Arch. (Paddington 9011.)

ALL TALKING AND SINGING.

"THE DESERT SONG."

A Warner Bros. Vitaphone Production.

With JOHN BOLES, CARLOTTA KING and MYRNA LOY.

Chorus of 150 Voices and 104 Dancers.

CONTINUOUS DAILY, 1.30—11. SUNDAYS, 6—11.

STOLL PICTURE THEATRE. Kingsway. (Holborn 3703.)

Week of July 29th. DAILY from 12.30. (Sundays from 6 p.m.)

The All-Talking, Singing and Dancing Film, "HEARTS IN DIXIE."

BRITISH MOVIE TONE NEWS.

"THE FALSE ALARM FIRE CO." (Talkie Comedy.)

Also Mon., Tues. & Wed.: BETTY COMPTON and JACK HOLT in

"COURT MARTIAL."

Also Thurs., Fri. & Sat.: BEBE DANIELS and NEIL HAMILTON in

"TAKE ME HOME."

THE NATION

AND ATHENÆUM

VOL. XLV.

SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1929.

No. 17

CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK	551	A Dull Decade. By Francis Birrell	569
CAN MR. THOMAS CONQUER UNEMPLOYMENT?	554	Mr. Galsworthy in Vellum	569
THE NEW MANCHURIAN CRISIS	555	Herman Melville. By William Plomer	570
PARLIAMENTARY NOTES. By Erimus	556	Páez	570
THE SCHOOL LEAVING AGE	558	Poetry. By Barrington Gates	572
LIFE AND POLITICS. By Kappa	559	NOVELS IN BRIEF	574
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: Electoral Reform (Geoffrey Crowther); Sources of Revenue (Chas. Robertson); Cruelty and Common Sense (G. G. Fairholm); State-Inflicted Encephalitis (Oswald Earp); Worlebury Hill (E. J. Burrow)	561	AUCTION BRIDGE. By Caliban	574
'A BABBLED OF GREEN FIELDS. By A. A. Milne	562	NEW GRAMOPHONE RECORDS	576
BITTER-SWEET. By W. H. M.	564	THE OWNER-DRIVER. By Rayner Roberts	576
PLAYS AND PICTURES. By Omicron	564	FINANCIAL SECTION:—	
TELLING THE TALE. Poem by Wilfrid Gibson	565	The Week in the City	578
THE WORLD OF BOOKS:—			
From Mozart to Miss Stein. By Leonard Woolf	566		
REVIEWS:—			
The City of To-morrow. By Raymond Mortimer	567		
New Novels. By Lyn Ll. Irvine	567		
A History of the British	568		
French in the Original and in Translation	569		

THE NATION is edited and published weekly at 38, Great James Street, London, W.C.1.

Chairman: J. M. KEYNES.
Editor: H. D. HENDERSON.
Telephone: Business Manager: Holborn 9928.
Editorial: Holborn 4424.

Annual Subscription, Thirty Shillings, including postage to any part of the world. MSS. should be addressed to the Editor, and accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope for return. Entered as Second Class Matter, March 15th, 1929, at the Post Office at Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879 (Sec. 397, P. L. and R.)

EVENTS OF THE WEEK

MR. ARTHUR HENDERSON announced in the House of Commons on Wednesday that Lord Lloyd had resigned the post of High Commissioner of Egypt and the Sudan. Under excited cross-examination by Mr. Churchill and others, the Secretary of State added that the resignation was the result of a telegram that most people would have accepted "as an invitation to terminate his position." The matter is to be debated on the adjournment on Friday (after we have gone to press), and it is possible that Lord Lloyd himself, who is at present in London, may make a statement in the House of Lords. Meanwhile, the impression prevails that the breach is due more to the general incompatibility of outlook between the new Government and the late High Commissioner than to any specific difference of opinion on immediate policy. It is believed that even the late Government was more liberal in its attitude towards Egypt than Lord Lloyd considered wise. If that is so, it would clearly be impossible for the new Government to work harmoniously with him. In any case, the incident is likely to bring the benevolence towards the Government of at least one section of the Tory Party to an abrupt end. There are few subjects by which warmth is more easily engendered than by Egyptian affairs. On the other hand, Lord Lloyd's resignation may help the Government with some of its own supporters who have been

extremely uneasy at the negotiations in progress with the present Prime Minister of Egypt.

On July 24th, the Kellogg Pact came into operation. Mr. Stimson's intervention in the Russo-Chinese crisis is sufficient proof that President Hoover, for one, has no intention of letting its signatories forget its existence and its implications. In a statement on the naval and military expenditure of the United States, he showed as clearly that he will insist on treating it as a concrete issue of practical politics in relation to national defence, for he foreshadowed very considerable economies as a result of the profound change in the whole situation brought about by this great international instrument. Fortunately, the President does not stand alone. In reply to a question by Commander Kenworthy, Mr. MacDonald has stated that the British Government is reviewing the whole question of defence in the light of the "changes in policy and in the problem of national security effected by the Peace Pact," and of the very promising negotiations now in progress for reduction of naval armaments. Pending a general decision on defence policy, it has decided to suspend all work on two cruisers—the "Northumberland" and "Surrey"—already laid down, to cancel the contracts for a submarine depot ship and two submarines, to slow down dockyard work on other naval construction, and to postpone consideration of the 1929-30 programme until the autumn, at earliest.

This obviously is no more than an interim "gesture," but it is a very welcome gesture, showing that the Government is really in earnest with regard both to the Pact and the Anglo-American conversations, and it has borne immediate fruit in the suspension of work on three United States cruisers that would otherwise have been laid down this autumn. Apart from these concrete results, Mr. MacDonald's statement was full of hope. He stated definitely that the conversations with the United States were making good progress on the basis of frank acceptance of the principle of parity, agreement on a measure of elasticity in applying that principle, in order to meet the peace requirements of each country, and the subordination of technical to political considerations. He announced also that a small co-ordination Committee, representing the three Services and the Foreign Office had been set up by the Government, to provide for the adjustment of defence programmes as a whole to the new changes in the international situation. It may be added that he paid a generous tribute to the loyalty with which the Admiralty, after expressing their own views of naval requirements, had co-operated in making the naval cuts with the minimum of dislocation and hardship to dockyard workers.

Having brought Russia and China, in appearance, to the very verge of war, the Manchurian dispute has taken a turn which justifies the general belief that neither Power ever seriously contemplated taking the final plunge. For a day or two, the position went from bad to worse. The Chinese reply to the Soviet ultimatum was wholly unsatisfactory from the Russian point of view, and Moscow at once broke off diplomatic relations and closed all railway communications between the two countries. Both sides were reported to be massing troops, but there was still a reassuring absence of frontier incidents. Then the Washington Powers took a hand in the game. Mr. Stimson, the United States Secretary of State, after consultation with the British, French, and Japanese Ambassadors in Washington, called the attention of the Soviet and Chinese Governments to their obligations under the Kellogg Pact, and the justiciable nature of the dispute. As neither the United States nor Great Britain are in diplomatic relations with Moscow, the French Government readily agreed to be the channel of communication with Russia. The British Government, as was stated by Mr. Henderson in the House of Commons, intimated to both the United States and French Governments that they associated themselves fully with the endeavours being made to secure a peaceful settlement.

These representations were made by the Four Powers as signatories of the Washington Treaty for the preservation of peace in the Pacific, and by the United States, more especially, as originator of the Kellogg Pact. In some quarters suggestions were made for invoking the intervention of the League of Nations, but, in reply to Major Mackenzie Wood, Mr. Henderson made the significant admission that, "when one of the Nations is a member of the League and the other is not, it is not an easy matter to put the machinery in motion." This is a statement to remember, but, fortunately, the prompt action of the United States was sufficient, in this instance, to make good the defect revealed in the League machinery. Both Moscow and Nanking replied by assurances of their firm intention not to resort to hostilities, except in self-defence, and the Chinese Government went so far as to issue a statement that in the event of any aggressive action by

Russia, China would confine herself to measures of pure self-defence, and would refer the whole matter to the Council of the League, under Articles 12, 16, and 17 of the Covenant. China would also appear to be ready to submit the actual dispute to the League; but the Soviet Government are most unlikely to accept this course, and the general expectation is that the dispute will be settled by direct negotiation, possibly through the good offices of Japan.

A possible basis of settlement is indicated by the Chinese Foreign Minister's repeated statements that China has not "seized" the Chinese Eastern Railway, but has merely "taken temporary control" of it, in order to prevent its being used for Communist propaganda. Whatever may have been the original intentions of the Chinese, they are clearly impressed by the anxiety shown by all the foreign Powers as to the effect on their own interests of the precedent that would be created by the seizure of the railway, and they have gone out of their way to give assurances that no legitimate foreign enterprises in China are in any danger, and that China will always "use proper diplomatic procedure according to established principles of international law for the settlement of outstanding issues with foreign Powers." Now that the Chinese Government have disavowed any intention of seizing the property of the railway, it should be possible to effect a settlement on the lines of a return to the *status quo*, accompanied by a new working agreement, including guarantees against illicit political activities on the part of the railway employees, and the appointment of joint commissions to settle disputes under the agreement, and to clear up the tangle of the railway accounts. Whatever settlement be arrived at, however, the dispute is rich in lessons—which we discuss on another page—as to the dangers of the situation in Manchuria, and as to the strength, and weaknesses, of the present machinery for securing world peace.

On Tuesday, Mr. Graham made a statement of the Government's intentions with regard to the coal-mines which deserves to be scrutinized very closely. The Government, Mr. Graham declared, have told the Miners' Federation that "legislation dealing with hours and other factors in the coal industry will be introduced during the autumn session." Meanwhile, they will be "in regular consultation with the Federation as to the terms of that legislation." Apart from hours, the main subject-matter of the legislation will be the establishment of selling organizations. The Government have informed the owners that they desire them to develop district marketing arrangements and a central co-ordinating scheme; and they propose to take powers (1) to compel colliery owners to conform to the rules of a district organization; (2) to institute district organizations where they are not set up voluntarily; and (3) to institute the central co-ordinating authority.

These proposals with regard to selling organizations, though they are, of course, highly controversial, proceed, we think, along sound lines. They are in general conformity with the recommendations of the Lewis Committee, and are likely to secure the approval of the more enlightened section of owners. The point of immediate practical importance is the significance of the association of these proposals with the question of hours. The logical connection which suggests itself is that the Government entertain the hope that better selling arrangements might enable the industry to sustain the financial burden of a shorter working day.

But in that case, is it the Government's idea that the reduction of hours would only take effect when the selling organizations have been established? This would be in conformity with the letter of their pledge to the miners, though in doubtful conformity with its spirit. Possibly some further light may be shortly thrown on the matter from the miners' side.

* * *

A very interesting situation has arisen in the Conservative Party over the adherence of Sir John Ferguson, the Tory candidate at the Twickenham by-election, to Lord Beaverbrook's Imperial Fiscal Policy. In his election address, Sir John wrote, "The Conservative Party is pledged not to impose any taxes on food." Last week, however, he said in a speech:—

"Talk about Imperial Preference on this or that gets us very little further. The crux of the matter is that we shall be able to say to the Dominions, 'Your wheat, your meat, your produce of every kind will be guaranteed a free entry into the British market.' It will come in freely because it will come within the economic unity of the British Empire. Against the foreigner there must be a tariff, otherwise you can never create the Free Trade entity of the Empire."

This utterance threw Lord Beaverbrook's newspapers into paroxysms of admiration, but it seems to have caused a panic in the Conservative Central Office, which thereupon withdrew its support from Sir John Ferguson's candidature. At first it seemed as though this strong step would bring Sir John to submission. He wrote at once to Mr. Baldwin assuring him of his loyalty, and made in a speech the following confused statement:—

"I am averse to a very great extent to the consideration of any tax on food. That does not for one moment enter into the question before me. If it were found that under my proposal it meant an increase in the price of the food of the people of this country I should drop it at once. . . ."

This does not seem to have satisfied the Central Office. Mr. Baldwin has replied in a friendly way to Sir John's letter, but he has not lifted the ban; and Sir John has not yet surrendered unconditionally.

* * *

What is the explanation of this Prussian severity in the Conservative Central Office? It is very unusual for a Party organization to attempt to impose a rigid orthodoxy upon its candidates, and in this case the heresy did not even appear in an election address, but only in a speech, though, thanks to Lord Beaverbrook, it was well advertised. It happens, moreover, that two or three weeks ago, Mr. Neville Chamberlain publicly rejoiced that "one result of the General Election has been to free the Conservative Party from all the pledges and all the conditions it has imposed upon itself in the past." "The slate," he said, "has been cleaned." And even this week, Mr. Baldwin has sent a message to the Conservative candidate at Preston, in which he says, "It will be the duty of our party before the next appeal to the country to prepare a new policy in the light of future developments. . . . In the meantime, we stand by our General Election policy." It seems rather hard, therefore, to drop so heavily upon a candidate who does a little thinking on his own account, or allows Lord Beaverbrook to do it for him. There must, one feels, be something going on behind the scenes in the Conservative camp to account for this heresy-hunt. Can it be that the real offenders are Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Amery, and that Sir John Ferguson is their unfortunate whipping-boy?

* * *

Colonel Wedgwood has long been a lonely figure in Parliament as an extreme individualist on the Socialist

benches, and his interventions in debate are not always taken seriously. At the end of last week, however, he made a speech on the Colonial Development Bill which greatly impressed the House, and which cannot even be read in Hansard with indifference. The problem in tropical Africa, he said, was not to find work for the unemployed, but to get the work done, and it was a tragedy to him that the first act of a Labour Government should be to make "these poor blacks" work harder.

"Nominally there is no forcing," Colonel Wedgwood continued, "but through the pressure of taxation, the pressure of the Government, and the pressure of the chiefs, they have to work two months of the year to earn the money for the tax. I have seen the labour; they are vast colonies of workers, not as here in this country going back to their homes at night, but taken away from their homes and families, without anybody in charge who can enter into their feelings, and hardly speaking their language, except to give orders, no hospitals, and not even a missionary to look after them. They suffer from horrible diseases, parasites bore into their feet, they die of dysentery like flies, they suffer from the cold far worse than we do, their clothes get wet through in the rainy weather, and they have to sleep in their clothes."

This is only part of the tragic picture drawn by Colonel Wedgwood of what "civilization has done for the coolies." He had no remedy to suggest. There was a fatalistic note in the conclusion of the speech, but it is right that this aspect of Colonial Development should not be forgotten or hidden away.

* * *

The French Chamber of Deputies has ratified the War Debt Agreements, but by an unexpectedly narrow margin—300 votes to 292. On the same day it passed, also by a majority of eight, a resolution "renewing its fraternal sentiments" towards the late Allies of France, and expressing the opinion that payments under the agreements "ought to be" conditional on receipt of equivalent payments from Germany, "apart from those paid for reparations." The Senate is expected to ratify with somewhat stronger reservations—they include a declaration that, "in the case of any suspension or notable diminution in the German payments," the French Government "shall have the right to demand a three-years' moratorium for all or part of its own payments." These reservations, however, like those of the Chamber, will be embodied in a resolution having the force only of an expression of opinion, so that, legally, ratification will be unconditional. Newspaper comment in Paris is of the gloomiest. The attitude of the French Press—like that of the Chamber—is simply that France has ratified her agreements under sheer pressure of circumstances, and retains the moral right to repudiate her debts if any default on the part of Germany should make it inconvenient to pay them. M. Poincaré will be expected to atone for ratification by taking a firm line at the Reparations Conference.

* * *

The Soviet Government have instructed M. Dovgalevsky, their Ambassador in Paris, to proceed to London for the purpose of a preliminary exchange of views on the resumption of diplomatic intercourse, on the understanding that the discussion will be limited to the question of the procedure to be adopted in a "subsequent discussion of controversial questions," and will not embrace the substance of those questions themselves. This is a first step, and we hope it will be judiciously followed up. The crisis in the Far East has emphasized the folly—which should have been too obvious to need emphasis—of treating a Great Power as an outlaw State.

CAN MR. THOMAS CONQUER UNEMPLOYMENT ?

THE two measures introduced by the Government with the object of increasing employment, the Colonial Development Bill and the Development (Loan Guarantee and Grants Bill), have secured the assent of the House of Commons, after some brief, pertinent, and conciliatory discussions. These discussions have not made good newspaper "copy"; indeed, it is sadly evident that if all parties were to continue in the exemplary behaviour of the past fortnight and were to succeed in converting the Mother of incorrigibly factious Parliaments into the businesslike Council of State desired by the Prime Minister, the general public would take small interest in its proceedings. Nor can it be said that our knowledge of what Ministers propose to do with the powers that have been granted to them has been materially increased; we are still a long way from the stage of the definite and the concrete plan. But the debates have been illuminating all the same. They have thrown a great deal of light on the states of mind of such diverse parties as the Government, their back-bench supporters, Mr. Winston Churchill, and Imperialist Tories of the school of Lord Eustace Percy and Mr. Ormsby Gore.

Two clear impressions emerge. In the first place, the general attitude of the Government is all that it should be. It is clear that they mean to press on with the work of development as energetically as they know how. It is clear that they mean this work of development to take the form of genuinely constructive projects as opposed to wasteful relief works. It is clear that Mr. Snowden is ready to supply Mr. Thomas with all the money that can reasonably be demanded for the purpose. It is clear that the Government do not mean to be hampered in the least by any dogmas about public ownership; indeed, Mr. Thomas and Mr. Snowden have displayed a readiness to subsidize railway companies and an indifference to the question of whether increased "private profit" would result, which slightly shocked Mr. Lloyd George. Many of their supporters, doubtless, are still more shocked, and will have something to say on the matter later on. Certainly, if the Government carry their party with them on this issue, it will mark an immense change from the days of 1924, when the Labour Party decided to obstruct all projects of electrical development pending the evolution of a new system based on public ownership.

But while it is clear that the Government mean to do their utmost, it is hardly less clear that they are by no means hopeful that their utmost will amount to very much. No tone of buoyant optimism can be detected in the Ministerial speeches during the debates. Mr. Churchill's jeers about baling out the Thames with a tea-cup and throwing a nut at a steam-hammer were allowed to pass without any spirited retort. Various other signs indicate that Ministers are in a discouraged mood. It is reported, for example, that the Government have approached the Opposition parties with the suggestion that the unemployment figures should no longer be published weekly in the Press. On the assumption that unemployment is likely to continue

indefinitely at its present level, there is a good deal to be said for this suggestion. It is not good national publicity to single out unemployment as the subject on which we give the world precise official figures with the greatest possible promptitude and prominence. Our practice in this matter is in sharp contrast with that of the United States, where unemployment is almost the only subject on which no statistics are available at all; and it may well be that the contrast is subtly but seriously prejudicial to the interests of British trade. None the less, a Government which confidently expected that its policy would shortly bear fruit in a notable and steady decline in the unemployment figures would not choose this moment to reduce the publicity accorded to them. Manifestly the Labour Government have no such confident expectation. It looks, indeed, as though they were seriously afraid that unemployment may increase rather than diminish.

What are we to make of this marked and early Ministerial discouragement? Conservatives will naturally answer that Mr. Thomas and his colleagues have been brought by hard contact with realities to appreciate the truth of the Conservative contention that our large-scale unemployment is essentially beyond the reach of Government policy, and that, in particular, the potentialities of the instrument of capital development are extremely limited, if not altogether illusory. Is there any foundation for this view? Were the late Government unjustly blamed; or is the moral that the present Government, for all their good intentions, do not know how to set about the job? Or are Ministers needlessly pessimistic? These are questions which must naturally concern all those who, like ourselves, have made large claims for the idea of national development. It is important, therefore, to examine the Ministerial state of mind more closely.

It is fairly clear that what chiefly embarrasses Mr. Thomas is the factor of time. He has no difficulty in finding desirable schemes. His difficulty is to get anything started quickly. He turns feverishly from one project to another—the Liverpool Street electrification scheme, the Charing Cross Bridge scheme, the Zambesi bridge scheme—and in every instance the prospect opens before him of extensive delay, arising from the necessity for protracted negotiations or for preparatory surveys, before he can hope to get any work actually set in hand. He introduces his Bills; he obtains his Parliamentary powers; he appoints his Committees; he sets forces in motion which ultimately produce an impressive and fully adequate programme. But quick results are what he wants; and he is haunted by the sense that he is doing practically nothing which is likely to make an appreciable difference to the unemployment figures a year or so from now.

Meanwhile, other things are happening which are likely to make unemployment worse. The Bank is losing gold; and the depression on the Stock Exchange is associated with a tendency to substitute American for British investments which is calculated to render an already precarious monetary situation still more precarious. In these circumstances a further rise in Bank rate must be reckoned with as a serious possibility. The industrial skies are further clouded by the menace of labour disputes. The cotton industry seems more likely than not to enter on a stoppage next week; the woollen industry seems to be heading in the

same direction; no one can feel very confident that it will be possible to avert trouble in the coalfields in the autumn. Finally, some of the Government's most unexceptionable actions are likely to react unfavourably upon employment. The Prime Minister has announced a slowing down of naval construction, which must necessarily mean reduced employment at the dockyards. It is one of the unhappy ironies of the situation that this will happen with a promptitude which Mr. Thomas cannot hope to rival.

In these considerations we have an abundant explanation of the Government's uneasiness. They realize that, for a considerable time to come, they will be lucky if they can prevent the unemployment figures from rising; and they cannot tell how much time they will be granted before they are judged and condemned as having failed. We shall not attempt now to pronounce on the question of whether it is really as hopeless as Ministers evidently seem to fear, to shape a development policy so as to secure reasonably quick results. We suspect that Mr. Thomas has somewhat magnified his difficulties by concentrating his efforts unduly on those branches of the problem with which he is intimately acquainted by his personal experience (Colonial development as an ex-Colonial Secretary, railway improvements as a good railwayman), but which it is peculiarly difficult to hustle forward rapidly. On roads he seems to have turned a comparatively indifferent eye. He told the House of Commons that he has found a couple of road programmes in the Ministry of Transport, and that he has said to the department, "Get on with the job and only bother me when there is any difficulty." But possibly it might be well if Mr. Thomas were to "bother" the department. The very fact that Mr. Thomas can use this language shows that road development is capable of yielding comparatively quick results. But it will not yield them automatically. If road work is to be pressed forward as rapidly as possible there are various questions which need immediate consideration; for example, whether the State might not appropriately undertake itself the work of constructing arterial roads, how the local authorities can best be induced to get going promptly with local road improvements, whether legislation may not be desirable to expedite the procedure with regard to the acquisition of land. We have, it is true, some security against the danger of a neglect of road development in the fact that Mr. Morrison, the Minister of Transport, is an able and energetic man. Still, he is not in the Cabinet.

It is not our present purpose, however, to criticize Mr. Thomas or the Government. It may be that they will take a long time to get development work started on a substantial scale; and this may be due partly to their own failings or wholly to the intrinsic difficulties of the task. But the point is that such misgivings relate to the question of time; and there is nothing in what has occurred, or in the discouraged attitude of Ministers, to throw any doubt on the wisdom or the ultimate effectiveness of the development idea or on the soundness of the economic analysis on which it rests. In every speech which he made during the unemployment debate, Mr. Churchill proclaimed his adherence to the "Treasury doctrine" that all employment provided by development schemes must necessarily involve a commensurate contraction of employment somewhere else; and he seemed to suggest that this doctrine was confirmed by the difficulties which Labour Ministers are experiencing in setting development schemes on foot. It may be important, in the months that lie ahead, to be on our guard against such confusions of thought.

THE NEW MANCHURIAN CRISIS

EVEN if the present Russo-Chinese dispute is settled, as now seems probable, without recourse to arms, it has given a striking object-lesson in the dangers of the Manchurian situation. The anomalous political conditions in that province—a legacy of old wars and diplomatic conflicts—have made it, for many years, the storm centre of the Far East. The dangers inherent in those conditions have been intensified by the ferment of a new Chinese nationalism, and by the Ishmaelite position of Soviet Russia.

While the ostensible causes of quarrel are recent, and lie on the surface, the situation can be clearly understood only in the light of the past. The Chinese Eastern Railway, the bone of dispute, owes its origin to the policy of Pacific expansion in which Tsarist Russia sought compensation for rebuffs in the Baltic and Black Sea. In 1860, Russia had extorted from Peking the cession of a strip of the Manchurian coast, including Vladivostok. In 1891, she began the Trans-Siberian Railway to link up European Russia with the Pacific coast. In 1896, she obtained permission to carry the line through Manchuria, in order to save about 570 miles on the journey and reduce the cost of construction. The concession, which was the price of Russian assistance in procuring the retrocession of the Liaotung Peninsula from Japan after the Chino-Japanese war, was granted to the newly created Russo-Chinese Bank, which formed the Chinese Eastern Railway Company to operate it. It included substantial land-owning and mineral rights, and extra-territorial privileges. The railway was to be completed in six years, and the Chinese Government had the option to purchase at the expiration of thirty-six years from the date of completion. In any event, the whole property was to revert to China within eighty years from completion.

The next step forward was taken in 1898, when the German acquisition of Kiaochow reopened the game of grab in China. While Great Britain secured the lease of Wei-hai-wei, Russia obtained the goal of her ambitions—an ice-free port on the Pacific—by the lease of the Liaotung Peninsula, including the harbours of Port Arthur and Talienwan (Dairen), and at once threw out a branch of the Chinese Eastern Railway from Harbin to connect the Trans-Siberian system with her new ports.

Russia, however, had no intention of remaining a mere concessionaire in Manchuria. The Boxer Rebellion of 1900 provided her with the excuse for a military occupation of the entire province, under pretext of guarding the railways. Despite protests by Great Britain, Japan, and the United States, her hold on Manchuria was steadily tightened, until her persistent refusal to evacuate led to the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-5 and her expulsion by force of arms. By the Treaty of Portsmouth, the lease of the Liaotung Peninsula, and the whole railway system from Changchun south, was transferred, with the assent of China, to Japan. The trunk line to Vladivostok and the branch from Harbin to Changchun remained in Russian hands.

So matters remained till the Great War and the Russian and Chinese Revolutions. In 1919, the new Bolshevik Government of Russia offered to China the free retrocession of the railway in return for recognition. Nothing came of this offer, and in 1920 the Chinese Government took over the line provisionally, on the plea of the disorganization of Russia and the heavy debt due to them from the Russo-Chinese Bank, with whom they concluded a working agreement in October of that year.

Affairs were now hopelessly tangled. The Soviet Government refused to recognize the claims of the Bank (whose capital was largely held in France) or the railway bonds guaranteed by the Tsarist Government. The Washington Powers, including the United States, refused to recognize any arrangement that did not protect the rights of creditors. Nevertheless, the Russian and Chinese Governments entered into an agreement, in May, 1924, by which the line was to be jointly managed, and staffed by Russians and Chinese in equal proportions, all extra-territorial privileges being withdrawn.

Meanwhile Chang Tso-lin had become practically the ruler of an autonomous Manchuria, with the tacit support of the Japanese, who had now immense interests in the south of the province. The Russians accordingly entered, in September, 1924, into a new agreement with Chang Tso-lin direct. The question of back debts and allocation of profits remained unsettled.

Quarrels between Chang and the Russians soon broke out. Chang complained that the Russians were seeking, by indirect means, to recover their territorial privileges. The Russians complained that the Mukden Government made large movements of troops by rail without paying a penny. The real trouble, of course, was the support given by the Soviet to Chinese Nationalism, especially to Chang's rival Feng Yu-hsiang, and Chang's own desire to stand well with Japan and the Western Powers. The quarrel culminated, in 1926, with the refusal of the Railway to carry Chang's troops at a moment of crisis, the arrest of the leading Russian officials, a Soviet ultimatum, and a patched-up compromise.

With the establishment of a Nationalist Government in China, the death of Chang Tso-lin, and his son's adhesion to Nanking, the whole situation changed. The Russians had again to deal direct with a Chinese Government, and with a Government that suspected the Russians of having used Chinese Nationalism as a catspaw, and were determined to stamp out Communist propaganda. Documents seized in the Peking raids of April, 1927, proved the complicity of officials of the Chinese Eastern Railway in plots against the Nationalist Government, and the Chinese now justify their seizure of the railway by the assertion that such plots are still continuing.

This is likely enough; but the motives for the Chinese Government's very drastic action were probably more complex than appears on the surface. The fervid nationalism of their own supporters, and the difficulty of gratifying it in the matter of immediate abrogation of extra-territorial rights, make it highly desirable for them to give some demonstration of a "strong" foreign policy. By making this demonstration in Manchuria they are, at the same time, asserting the authority of Nanking over that debatable province, and it is significant that they acted, ostensibly at least, without even consulting Chang Hsueh-liang, the son and successor of Chang Tso-lin. Moreover, it may be admitted that the past history of Manchuria, no less than the propagandist tendencies of Soviet Russia, give them good grounds for demanding firm guarantees against political penetration under the guise of railway development. Finally, they would like, no doubt, to secure undivided control of a lucrative enterprise.

To the Russians, for their part, direct communication with Vladivostok, and the profits of the North Manchurian traffic, represent very big interests. And apart from all material interests, it might be expected that, smarting as they are from a rebuff to the "world revolution," in the Kuomintang's repudiation of Communism, they would be in no mood to accept peacefully such an affront as they have received.

Yet each of the parties to the dispute has strong reasons against proceeding to extremes. China can neither afford war, nor rely on the loyalty of her armies—especially Feng Yu-hsiang's, the most efficient of them all. She knows too, that an intransigent attitude would bring her into conflict with the Washington Powers—pledged to uphold foreign interests in Manchuria—and especially with Japan, who is vitally interested in the validity of Manchurian concessions. Russia, while she may have little fear of China as an enemy, knows that an invasion of the province might again embroil her with Japan, who would, at the very least, regard penetration beyond Harbin as a *casus belli*. Moreover, a flagrant breach of the Kellogg Pact would certainly delay the resumption of diplomatic relations with Great Britain, and intensify the hostility of the United States.

It is probable, therefore, that a settlement will be arranged—perhaps on the lines of a restoration of the *status quo*, accompanied by formal guarantees against political activity by the railway employees. Meanwhile, two morals may be drawn from the dispute.

In the first place, it has revealed the folly of treating Russia as a pariah State. Had Russia been a member of the League, the League machinery could have been put in motion at the start. As it was, it was only the fact that France had accorded full recognition to the Soviet Government that enabled representations to be made in Moscow.

Secondly, the incident has revealed once more the danger of "Concessions" embodying special privileges, and the recognition of special interests, especially in a territory where the Central Government has little effective control, and the necessity for placing all such concessions on a quasi-mandatory basis, embodying some measure of international supervision. It is not a lesson that will be easily accepted; but it will have to be learned if the peace of the world is to be preserved.

Beyond these immediate conclusions, however, and transcending them in importance, is the fact that the United States has emphatically called the attention of the potential combatants to their participation in the Kellogg Pact. This forms a precedent which may have momentous results. It means that the American Government regards its signature of the Pact as involving an obligation, not only to refrain from war, but to restrain the other signatories from making war upon one another.

PARLIAMENTARY NOTES

THIS has been a week of scenes. First there was the Pethick-Lawrence scene. Poor Pethick really had nothing to do with it. He was not even there most of the time. Mr. Lloyd George started it by suddenly developing powers of cross-examination which his friend Lord Reading might have envied. "Jimmy" Thomas was the victim. He was asked a few searching questions about his Development proposals, and when he had answered no one knew whether he was only echoing the policy of the late Government (the formula being $x = y = 0$), or whether he was taking powers to do whatever he pleased ($x = \text{infinity}$, and the House becomes an infinitesimal quantity).

In the midst of the resulting confusion it occurred to some bright mind that if only Pethick were there everything would be explained and all would be for the best in the best of all possible worlds. But Pethick had drifted away long since, doubtless reflecting philosophically with Coventry Patmore:—

"For want of me the world's course will not fail."

Never was there a greater mistake. In vain did Mr. Thomas assure the Opposition that Pethick could say no more than was contained in his own answers (again $x = y = 0$). They bellowed for the Financial Secretary, and refused to be put off with inferior substitutes. Sir Oswald Mosley appeared, but they rudely refused to believe that he could explain anything to anyone. Finally Winston achieved the apotheosis of Pethick by moving to report progress as a general sign of mourning for his absence. Suspicious Socialists smelt a conspiracy between L. G. and Winston, but this was a complete delusion. The Liberal leader is far too old a hand to pull other people's chestnuts out of the fire, and when the ex-Chancellor is bent on mischief it is idle to look for accomplices.

The situation was saved by the dramatic return of the prodigal. And here comes the anti-climax. For, once they had got him back, the malcontents showed not the faintest interest in him. This only confirms what I have always suspected. Oppositions never shout for a Minister because they want him, but only because he is not there. Financial Secretaries to the Treasury can be shouted for on any conceivable occasion, and Arthur Michael Samuel was worn to the merest shadow during his tenure of office. Certainly the Labour Party have no right to complain. I remember their calling indignantly for "Willie" Bridgeman over some minor matter with which the Admiralty were remotely connected. Did they want him? Not a bit of it. They knew that he was a cunning old warrior and invariably trod on them with heavy boots when they were unlucky enough to find him at home. What a game it is!

But underlying this particular scene there was a serious issue. Mr. Thomas misunderstood the point completely when he complained that at one moment his policy was attacked as too limited and at the next as too expansive. And, if he tells the country that it is Liberal opposition that has cramped his style, he will be departing from the truth. Liberals are ready to vote money for Development on a generous scale. But they insist on the control of expenditure being retained by the House, and in so doing they are carrying on a tradition as old as Parliament itself. Mr. Snowden at least understands the situation perfectly, and, if the tone and temper of his admirable speech last Friday can be caught and kept by the Government as a whole, there may be years of useful work ahead of them.

The second scene was purely frivolous. It arose out of the first motion in this Parliament to suspend the "Eleven o'clock" Rule. There were two parts to the motion, and the Tories desired to oppose only one. Ernest Brown, that mine of helpfulness and information, suggested that the Speaker had power to divide the motion, which was accordingly done. But the Tory mind, ever slow in the uptake, failed to grasp which part was being put first, and let slip through the very matter which had aroused their opposition. Only from Sir Austen Chamberlain there came a "No" so tentative and diplomatic as to escape general notice.

There followed a scene of indescribable confusion. Some members maintained that the motion had been carried without opposition, others that a division had been called, others again that there was no motion before the House at all. In the result everyone tried to take points of order at once, some standing up without hats, some sitting down with hats, some improvising hats out of handkerchiefs or order-papers, and Jack Jones clearly desirous of dancing on

somebody's hat, Sir Austen's for choice. One called to mind Browning's description of

"the noise of a July noon,
When all God's creatures crave their boon
All at once" but here, alas, not "all in tune."

New members must have thought that they were in Bedlam, and very old ones that the Irish had come back. The Speaker, with equal tact and courage, brought instant peace by pretending that it was all his fault, and putting the motion again.

A feature of the Development debates, both home and colonial, has been the rather ungenerous treatment meted out to Sir Oswald Mosley. Everyone interrupts him, and his answers, though studiously courteous, are not well received. One suspects that his own people feel his title and his wealth and his aristocratic manner to be in some way a reproach to them. And the Opposition rolls out "the right honourable baronet" and "the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster" as though they were counts in a criminal indictment. This is hardly fair. After all, he has had to master the briefs of several different departments without any staff of his own. But he has at least one devoted supporter, and she will yet see him firmly established in the position which his talents deserve.

Mr. J. H. Thomas is a different problem. His career has been one steady rise. Obstacles there must have been, but he has hopped over, swerved round, or burrowed through them all. Now he is almost a Mussolini. Yet it may be doubted whether his qualities are of the precise order which his position requires. Is it to be the old story "Omnium consensu capax imperii, nisi imperasset"? It is his forte to be all things to all men, to be hail-fellow-well-met with duke and docker, to face hard-headed capitalists and hot-headed agitators in turn, and persuade each group in succession that he is the one man in the world to get what they want from the other side. And to succeed, mark you—to arrange a reasonable compromise; and, though each side upon reflection may dimly suspect that they have been beguiled, the country has been saved crisis after crisis and million upon million of pounds. But these gifts are those of a Talleyrand rather than of a Napoleon. They do not imply constructive genius, or even an unusual capacity for taking pains. And there is no one immediately associated with him who can supply what he lacks. He needs a Lawrence; not the Colonel, but Susan—or even Pethick.

There is a great deal of curious political evolution to be observed in this Parliament. Mr. Amery, for instance, is in a chrysalis stage, and Socialism is either the grub in which he originated or the butterfly into which he will develop. Anyhow it is only "a matter of degree," and he is anxious that Civil Servants rather than business men should predominate on Development Committees. Socialist Ministers, on the other hand, are eager to subsidize private enterprise, while Mr. Churchill has "thrown back" to the financial purist, insisting that money should fructify in the pockets of the people. It cannot be entirely due to the example of the Attorney-General, for even in the pre-Jowitt period I remember Colonel Wedgwood saying from the Socialist benches: "The bulk of the business of this country is done by private limited companies. Long may it continue to be so." After which one expected Miss Wilkinson to go into partnership with Lord Melchett, and Lady Astor with Colonel Gretton. But there are some political enthusiasms which still burn with a steady glow, and, when attention was called to the need for increased water supplies, Mr. Leif Jones applauded heartily.

The Liberal Party has had another good week. Mr. Lloyd George is so obviously the master of the unemployment situation in debate that it is a thousand pities that he cannot be also its master in administration. There can be no doubt that the party counted for much in bringing about the decision as to raising the school-leaving age. And, though we were not equally successful in inducing Ministerial action on Scottish Local Government, we have put them in the wrong with their own supporters, and the effect will be widely felt. On the whole, the Reform Club Dinner had not only promise but considerable performance to celebrate, and we trooped back happily to the London Traffic Debate, wearing the white shirt-front of a blameless life and looking for all the world like a row of Privy Seals.

ERIMUS.

THE SCHOOL LEAVING AGE

THE school leaving age is to be lifted to fifteen on April 1st, 1931. At last it is a fact. What is the next step? That we should use our collective forward-looking intelligence in ensuring that out of the raising of the school age there shall emerge that comprehensive radical reformation of English education and administration which all its champions, expert and political, have vowed that it would make inevitable. If we take a lingering glance at the astonishing Parliamentary episodes of the past few weeks, during which Labour educationists themselves have groaned in their sleep, it is because those episodes exhibit the combination of political tactlessness with that confused and embarrassed thinking about ends and means which if continued will wreck the Government's attempt to implement the Hadow Report. That would be a "harvest, all of tears."

Sir Charles Trevelyan should have said to the Cabinet: "The raising of the school age is a question that has got beyond the region of debate. As a first principle of reform it is agreed on by all, political parties included. We, the most vocal exponents of the reform—indeed, we have almost tried to establish the sole proprietary interest in it—are now in power. The principle being settled, we are now confronted with secondary considerations of a pragmatic order—the availability of money, the preparedness of the authorities, the choice of a date. On these questions of ways and means I must consult the Chancellor of the Exchequer, my own experts, and the Education Authorities. Therefore I advise that the Government in the King's Speech should declare its intention in fulfilment of the party's election pledges, to introduce legislation during the Session to raise the school leaving age, leaving the date to be announced later after the consultations I have mentioned. Before Christmas, I shall be in a position not only to announce the date, but to give information on other matters of policy, especially building programmes." Then the Government would have had a great and memorable day in the Commons and the country. Thousands of people of every class in every town and village would have felt rather proud and very grateful. One of the few dramatic climaxes of our educational history was thrown away.

Well, the Government have chosen their date, which is a year earlier than that recommended by the Hadow Committee. The local education authorities, urban and rural, are, for the most part against raising the age immediately, for reasons which, in fact, apply, but with less force, to 1931. The authorities dread a measure that will involve keeping children for another year in schools or improvised buildings in which it will be impossible, through lack of space, equipment, and teachers, and, in rural areas, suffi-

cient numbers, to develop even a remote resemblance to a post-primary course of four years from eleven to fifteen. It is not true to say that there is nothing in favour of raising the age to fifteen now or in twenty months' time with circumstances as they are. For those children already attending equipped Senior Schools—a number admittedly small—the gain will be immediate and complete. And it is not a small gain, especially in the towns, that growing children in early adolescence, should postpone for another year the entry into industrial life. Even if they remain in the old schools they will at fifteen be stronger and less liable to forget how to read and write, as thousands do now. In some areas, such as Manchester, and in patches of the counties, the Council Schools are so organized and equipped that they can without much difficulty take in the extra age group, and provide the necessary post-primary curriculum. But almost universally this is not the case with the Non-Provided Schools. The problem is how to proceed, not on a section merely, but on the whole educational front in the development of Modern Schools. There is little doubt that the local education authorities, possibly with more speed in the towns than in the countryside, can do that part of the job which consists of Council Schools.

The Non-Provided Schools are the difficulty, since the Churches have not got the money for building new schools or adapting old ones. There seems to be only one method of procedure. Interim improvisations will have to be allowed, but in each area the local authority must be required to produce an approved system of Modern or Senior Schools by a specified date. If, as part of the system, the Churches can finance some Modern Schools, well and good, except that in single-school areas—that is, areas in which only one school is available, as is normally the case in the countryside—the Modern School should be a Council School and not denominationally controlled. The less the principle of the non-provided school figures in the new post-primary system of English education, the better for all—the children, the teachers, the local authorities, and the interests of justice. The Churches realize their financial impotence; they see that the Hadow reforms mean that in future the ecclesiastical control of national education will diminish considerably. Some Anglicans, and the Roman Catholics unanimously and officially, demand that the Exchequer should build Hadow Modern Schools for the Churches and leave the existing powers of clerical control intact. They ask, that is, that the State out of public funds should build schools, some of which will of necessity be attended by children of all denominations or none, which will be under the control of autonomous, sectarian associations. It is hard to believe that a demand for legislation to make this possible is put forward seriously in twentieth-century England. But Lord Eustace Percy—before the election—treated it sympathetically, and so also did some other Members of Parliament. If the Government have the supreme unwisdom to invite Parliament to sanction building grants to non-provided schools they will engulf the essential constructive educational policy of the Hadow Report in a wasteful and entirely unnecessary controversy. In this regard, and indeed in regard to the existing law affecting the rights of the denominations, the Government's strength will be to sit still, and not to alter a word or a comma of the Education Act of 1921. We say this because Anglican leaders have suggested as an alternative to building grants that denominational instruction should be given in the new Modern Schools. To this the teaching profession, who fear the prospect of the intrusion of religious opinions within the sphere of professional qualifications, are vehemently opposed. The giving of religious instruction in Council schools at present is, in legal language, a

power and not a *duty* of local education authorities; and any attempt to alter that would cause serious controversy, because in the end it would involve religious tests for teachers. Tradition and goodwill have allowed religious instruction to be given in Council Schools, and, with the co-operation of the teachers, agreed syllabuses have been drawn up in many areas by the denominations (excepting the Roman Catholics). Such religious instruction, from which children may be withdrawn under a conscience clause, is allowed by the present law; and the Churches should be content with this in the new Modern Schools.

There is also an administrative problem with which the Government should deal. The new Modern Schools, in educational and administrative theory and practice, will belong to the sphere of higher education, as do the present Secondary Schools. Are we to have two authorities in this sphere—the small autonomous “elementary” authorities on the one hand, and the County Boroughs and Counties on the other? It will be disastrous to the new system if we do. Apart from the administrative confusion, most of the small “elementary” authorities have not the experience or the personnel either on their Committees or in trained officials to carry out the Hadow policy. In many cases the small country towns under their control are the natural centres in which the older children from the surrounding villages under the County Council should attend Modern Schools. It is to be feared that too frequently there will only be a show of co-operation, and that the job will be botched. The solution, if we want the job well done, is to place all post-primary education outside County Boroughs in the hands of the Higher Education Authorities, which are the County Councils.

In spite of the fact that the raising of the school leaving age has been fixed for 1931, thus involving a great deal of improvisation that will do little to realize the objective of the Hadow Report, we trust that Sir Charles Trevelyan will keep his brains on ice and approach all aspects of his task in the light of a long-date forward-looking policy. Apart from the raising of the school age, he will do well to operate within the spacious ambit of the existing law—even the absorption of Modern Schools under the Higher Education Authorities might be carried out administratively if they are declared to come, as do the present Secondary Schools, under the Higher Education Regulations of the Board of Education. The new building, in so far as it is rate and tax-aided, must be carried out by the local authorities. And the Board must be generous in this matter both *now* and during the next five years. Most of the big authorities, which are very competently administered, have surveyed their areas several times over and almost learnt their schemes by heart. At the beginning of next session, the Government's new policy of building grants should be stated, so that by 1930 a very substantial number of school buildings will be under way. We hope also that Sir Charles Trevelyan will not fail to increase his administrative personnel, if he thinks it necessary, so that authorities' proposals can be dealt with expeditiously. His predecessor cut down the technical staffs, as if they were a rich man's luxury servants. In particular the Architect's Department of the Board, which is farcically inadequate, should be reinforced so that plans for the new schools can be passed with speed. Finally, before Christmas, he ought to have enlisted the help of all the training departments and colleges, and of the local authorities, in carrying out an agreed policy for ensuring the supply and training of an ascertained number of additional teachers. In this connection he should not forget a revision of the Burnham Scales, especially in favour of Head Teachers. Buildings and teachers—these are the

primary requirements. If they are met there need be no fear that a satisfactory curriculum will not be evolved. The Government has a big but splendid task before it, and if it stumbles it will not be because of finance, but through lack of cool foresight exercised here and now on the methods of securing, without delay, the main objective of contemporary educational thought, as it has been classically stated in the Hadow Report.

LIFE AND POLITICS

MR. BALDWIN had cause after the election to reflect that “Safety First” is an overrated slogan. At any rate, the electorate clearly thought that they were expressing a preference for “Courage First.” It is already distressingly evident, and that not only to the “Clydesiders,” that the Labour Government is postponing the exhibition of courage. There is nothing remarkable in the intense dissatisfaction with the tameness of the Cabinet expressed, under seven heads, in the I.L.P. organ this week. One can only say that disillusionment has set in on the Left surprisingly early. There is, however, something oddly unexpected in the gentle but persistent gingering which the Liberals in Parliament are compelled to administer to the Labour front bench. Everyone admits that the Government is bound to cut its cloth with Treasury scissors. Its fulfilment of election pledges is strictly conditioned by the amount of taxation our people are likely to stand without finding cheaper rulers. But there are directions in which Labour is astonishingly reluctant to move with the speed expected of them, although speed would cost nothing. When this Parliament began, most Liberals would have supposed that the party was destined to play the part of brake rather than accelerator, but the latter has been needed rather than the former, although on one occasion Mr. Lloyd George found it necessary to curb Mr. Thomas's anxiety to make the pace financially without waiting for Parliamentary control. And what is both remarkable and pleasing is that the Liberals are helping Labour on good radical lines without incurring the resentment that wrecked friendly co-operation in 1924. May it so continue.

* * *

The row between the Conservative Central Office and the Conservative candidate at Twickenham provides the political comedy of the week. It is sad for “Jix” that this unseemly domestic squabble should have broken out in the constituency that was so long faithful to him—though one must add that at the last election Twickenham showed signs of getting tired of faithfulness. Our old friend only scraped in as a Minority Member. When the time came for “Jix” to conceal himself as Lord Brentford he did his best for the party, and earnestly besought the local Tories to do as the Central Office desired; that is, find a refuge for one of the defeated Ministers. “Jix” and the Central Office reckoned without Sir John Ferguson, who got himself hurriedly and enthusiastically adopted without the permission of headquarters, and to its intense annoyance. This was bad enough, but worse was to come. Sir John was suddenly converted by Lord Beaverbrook. He became a missionary of the Protectionist Empire. (He had said something in his address, it is true, about the Tory Party being pledged not to tax food.) Sir John Ferguson was no longer without a friend in the Tory papers. All the Beaverbrook amplifiers bellowed forth his praise. Every word he said became gospel to the *DAILY EXPRESS*. The conversion of Sir John Ferguson to food taxes gave the Central officials the opening they desired. They were terribly angry with him already for his presumption in

rushing in where an Inskip desired to tread: now their wrath boiled over. They outlawed him.

The Beaverbrook Press, all the same, speaks for a much larger section of the Tory Party than is at all realized when it expresses indignation against Mr. Baldwin and the Central Office for the repudiation of Sir John Ferguson and food taxes. Mr. Baldwin's terror of raising that issue is by no means shared by the average Tory; the local Tories at Twickenham are enthusiastically for the new Imperialism for they are simple enough to think that the workers will swallow taxed food for the sake of the contingent (and altogether illusory) advantages. It is not only the Page Crofts who think that this rather feverish stunt is sound gospel, such as is urgently wanted to save the party's fortunes. These people call in evidence the Tory idol Mr. Neville Chamberlain, who recently declared that the election freed the party from all the old pledges. At any rate, the ancient struggle has broken out once more between the Tory multitude, now as always Protectionist, and the Tory official minority, which is Protectionist, too, but afraid of whole hogging, entirely for prudential reasons. There are signs that the Twickenham candidate is weakening from his heroic attitude in spite of the violent stimulus of the Beaverbrook Press. In any case, his candidature has been seriously damaged. Labour has made extraordinary strides in Twickenham, and this business may easily be enough to ruin the Tory cause at the polls.

I am well aware that to say a word for or against the present regime in Egypt is to stir up a nest of ferocious propagandists. Any word that comes from a Liberal is inevitably *against*. I hope that Mr. Henderson will see the danger signal in time in the matter of the Treaty which he is said to be negotiating with the gentleman referred to in Nationalist circles as "the puppet dictator," for whose activities the British authorities in Egypt must share responsibility. Some little time ago there appeared a paragraph, of the kind that does not get into the papers without foreknowledge at the Foreign Office, which definitely foreshadowed a treaty. Mr. Henderson, no doubt, has had to take over a great deal of half-finished goods from Sir Austen, but it is a little disconcerting to find this among them. Egypt has been for a long time "happy and contented" (see the official apologists) under a tyranny. Parliamentary government has been scrapped, with the usual sequel of the ruthless suppression of free discussion. In Egypt, as in Russia, Italy, and Spain, opposition to the Government is put down by force. For instance, not only are political meetings forbidden, but, I am told, people are arrested by the police on suspicion as "prospective demonstrators"—a pretty new crime which it might be worth Mussolini's while to hear about. It is with the author or the executive instrument of this system that Mr. Henderson has been negotiating. No wonder that the inspired little paragraph caused a stir in Egypt. A Treaty between a Labour Government and a Mahmoud would amuse the cynics, but obviously it would be waste paper. It really will not do, and, as I say, I hope Mr. Henderson will have the sense to listen to his own supporters in the House who have been telling him so.

Anyone who is not in the cotton trade, and who ventures to express an opinion about its troubles, runs the risk of being severely rebuked for ignorance and presumption. There was a most characteristic letter in the *TIMES* the other day from a leading employer which was one long warning of "hands off" to the critics. The mentality of the cotton masters is curiously like that of the colliery proprietors. Its chief feature is a profound and genuine

disbelief in the value of any advice from outside. A famous exception proved the rule. In Lancashire this attitude is intensified by the dogged individualism which marks the Lancashire man for good as for evil, in business as in politics. From this very source springs—unless all the detached critics are wrong—the weaknesses in the organization of the industry which have helped to bring about its present plight. Instead of attempting to rationalize the industry, the employers prefer the ancient remedy of a cut in wages. Would it be a remedy? Would the saving in wages be passed on to the consumer, or would it be absorbed in the long passage of the goods from the mill to the market? Surely the men are entitled to get a satisfactory answer to this question before they are asked to make the sacrifice. It is extremely significant to find the *TIMES* administering a reasoned rebuke to the masters, and expressing scepticism about the claim that Lancashire's markets can be regained by cutting wages, without reorganization. The *TIMES* declares emphatically against the validity of the employers' case. The ominous feature of the situation is—or at least this is what is suspected—that the employers are resigned to a stoppage. They think, or some of them do, that for special trade reasons, they stand to gain from shutting the mills for a while, and in any case a stoppage has fewer terrors than facing the intolerable necessity of putting order into the wasteful and chaotic individualism of their methods.

Mr. MacDonald is the only serious rival of "Torquemada" as an inventor of "twisters." The problems which he sets his questioners in the House of Commons are often of excruciating difficulty. A member who had asked him for information the other day showed me his reply, which, he asserted, could be read in five different ways. I said this was an exaggeration—I could only see four. In a question hour debate on the luckless Scottish Government Bill, Mr. MacDonald himself supplied an unconscious commentary on his fondness for the cryptic indefinite. Asked by a Liberal Member the plain question of whether there is to be a further inquiry into Scottish local government, Mr. MacDonald made this magnificent reply: "That part of my statement which was a definite statement remains." The Member was too much overcome to be able to ask which part, if any, it was. And it would have been hopeless. Mr. MacDonald, we learn with some surprise, is so great an admirer of Hazlitt that he takes his essays with him on those much discussed journeys through the skies. The speciality of Hazlitt is his crystal clearness. I doubt whether there is in the whole of his output a single sentence of doubtful meaning. Now, if the gossip writers had told us that Mr. MacDonald's favourite reading was "Sordello"—

My knowledge of the American language is limited, and I am not likely to get through this note without provoking correction. My studies in it are continually hindered because the Americans I meet never talk as our English newspapers make them talk. The interviews with Americans that appear in our more sprightly journals are full of exciting discoveries in slang, but these pearls never fall from the lips of the people I interview. I have no luck. For instance, I have never been so fortunate as to hear an American Judge begin a conversation with "Boy, oh Boy!" as one did when confiding in an evening paper this week. And why do not my American friends say to me, "I shall never forget it so long as I wear boots," or exclaim, "Gee," or even praise anything as "bully"? Nor have I ever been addressed as "big boy," or told to "listen!" It is very puzzling. After reading all this I confided my troubles to an American friend who knows the tricks of the journalists' trade. His explanation was simple. He said that Americans are made to talk like that because English newspaper readers would not recognize them as Americans if they did not. "There is not a word of current slang in all that," he went on, "but then your

readers would not know the real stuff if they saw it. It's just a label. In America an Englishman never appears on the comic stage without wearing a monocle and saying 'Bai Jove.' He would not be accepted as an Englishman otherwise. It's the same with the slang your reporters inflict on our people. It's years out of date in any case, but it saves trouble, I suppose—like your caricatures of Frenchmen, which have not altered since the era of the Second Empire."

* * *

Nature Study: While resting under a hedge in a hay-field near London the other day I overheard the following scrap of dialogue between two cockney boys: "What's all this stuff lying about?" "It's 'ay, of course." "Well, what's 'ay?" "Don't you know? It's good grass that's gone bad." "What makes it go bad?" "O, thunder, I suppose."

KAPPA.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ELECTORAL REFORM

SIR,—Miss Frances M. Pugh's "Three Vote System" is a most interesting attempt to get round some of the many difficulties of choosing the ideal electoral system. Compared with the complicated and noxious systems of "Proportional Representation" which have found favour in this and other countries, it is a refreshing example of common sense. It would (and perhaps will) make a tolerable compromise between the Proportional Representatives and the Alternative Voters. But, since Miss Pugh invites criticism, may I point out one or two reasons why, to my mind, her "Three Vote System" is inferior to the Alternative Vote?

In the first place, although Miss Pugh claims for her system that it is "exceedingly simple," I think she will admit that from the voter's point of view at least, it is much more complicated than the Alternative Vote. The stupidity of some electors (whom we must not disfranchise) is bottomless, as anyone who has been concerned with any large-scale ballot, Parliamentary or other, will know.

Miss Pugh claims that her system will give "the closest possible reflection of the will of the constituency as a whole." Surely, she is here in a dilemma. If by the "closest possible reflection" she means to imply a concession to the "microcosm" theory of representation, then her scheme is vastly inferior to P.R. If by the "will of the constituency as a whole" she means to imply that there is some collective will, able to discriminate clearly between Mr. A. B., Miss P. Q., and Sir X. Y., although the aggregate of the individual wills of the electors cannot so discriminate, then she is merely begging the question. If Representation is to be made to imply Reflection, our whole Parliamentary system must be overhauled.

I suggest that the object of a General Election in this country should be to elect a House of Commons which shall combine some indication of the *tendencies* of opinion in the electorate with the possibility of vigorous and politically honest government. If we accept this aim, I think we can draw a broad distinction, not only of degree but also of kind, between the first and second preferences of the average elector. The great majority of electors would cast their first vote with some positive sentiment of support of the party in question: they are, for the time being, "Socialists," "Liberals," or "Tories." But a second preference would be given more often than not in a purely negative mood: to "keep the Socialists out," to "get rid of the Government," to "disapprove of Lloyd George." Very few voters have room in their breasts for a subsidiary or alternative loyalty.

Now I think Miss Pugh is right in giving a second preference only half the weight of a first preference, but I think she is wrong in counting the second preferences of all the voters. The second preference of a voter is likely to differ in kind from the first, and it should therefore be taken account of only when the first preference is of no more use; it should be an *alternative*, not a *supplementary* choice.

The point can, I think, be made clearer by means of Miss Pugh's example, where, of three parties, A gains the seat under the present system, B under the alternative vote,

and C under Miss Pugh's system. I shall call A Conservatives, B Labour, and C Liberals. Under Miss Pugh's system the Liberals are triumphantly elected, but mainly owing to the mutual dislike of Tories and Socialists. The Liberal would owe his seat *preponderantly* to the negative sentiments of his second preference supporters and not to the solid and positive Liberal opinions of his first preference supporters. It might even occur that the former would numerically outweigh the latter, in spite of each first choice counting double. This could never happen with the Alternative Vote.

In short, I think Miss Pugh's system would make for negative and timid representation, for politics rather than statesmanship. But her strikingly original suggestion that a second preference should only have half the weight of a first preference might well be carried over into the Alternative Vote.—Yours, &c.,

GEOFFREY CROWTHER.

College House, Edgmond, Shropshire.

July 16th, 1929.

SOURCES OF REVENUE

SIR,—You say in your article "How Much Taxation?" that "the standard rate of income tax a few years ago stood at 6s. in the pound and the skies did not fall," which was quite true, but all fixed dividend securities from Consols downwards fell in market value, and fell very much indeed.

It was the rise in the income tax from 1s. in the £ before the war to 6s. in the £ during the war that caused the fall in the value of the funds as well as the large issues of stocks that were made by the Government, for it meant a 25 per cent. reduction in income.

It must not be forgotten that it is the net yield of a security that, apart from its degree of safety, determines its value, not the gross or nominal yield, and if the income tax is increased then the net yield of fixed dividend stocks must, *ipso facto*, be reduced and the price fall. If the Chancellor of the Exchequer wants to refund the £2,000,000,000 of 5 per cent. War Loan on a lower basis, then he must not increase the income tax, or he will relegate any advantageous conversion of this huge debt to the Greek Kalends.

Free Trader though I be, I think it would be better to find some sources of revenue from indirect taxation rather than risk an increase in the income tax, and because of this I regret the recent abolition of the tea duty. In my opinion tea, coffee, cocoa, sugar, rubber, paraffin, and petrol are all commodities of general consumption, and can well bear to be taxed to a moderate extent; none is a necessity—such as meat, wheat, and bread-stuffs. Then there are matches to recall the memory of Mr. Lowe, also the millions of packets of cigarettes might well carry an inland revenue stamp; to reduce the waste in their consumption would be no small gain.

Another source of revenue would be to introduce the tenpenny shilling: it would bring an immense increase to the receipts of the Post Office, and incidentally benefit the railway companies and help them through their difficulties.

Is a tax on expenditure unthinkable or impossible levied by an extension of the receipt stamp? Sixpence in the £ on all purchases over, say, 20s. would bring in an enormous revenue, but school bills and doctors' bills should, of course, be exempted.

The resources of civilization in acquiring revenue are not bounded by the income tax.—Yours, &c.,

CHAS. ROBERTSON.

Batworth Park, Arundel, Sussex.

July 23rd, 1929.

CRUELTY AND COMMON SENSE

SIR,—My attention has been called to an article in your issue of the 13th instant headed "Cruelty and Common Sense." In fairness to this Society, I think it is my duty to inform you that every possible care is taken to bring before the magistrates the worst cases only. Inspectors are not allowed to institute proceedings without the authority of the Head Office, and for this purpose the inspector has to report all the facts, and the facts are considered by the

Society's solicitor and his assistants. I cannot identify the case of "John Coles" to which the writer of the article refers, and, if the evidence did not amount to anything more than stated in the article, I cannot understand how proceedings came to be taken by this Society. I should like to have an opportunity of inquiring into the matter, and perhaps the writer of the article would be good enough to send me further information so that I can identify the particular prosecution he refers to. This Society gives warnings to thousands of persons guilty of minor acts of cruelty in the course of the year. This Society is out to prevent cruelty. It is not merely a prosecuting Society, but experience has taught us that the fear of detection and punishment is the strongest instrument that the Society possesses in preventing cruelty, and that is why prosecutions are instituted in the worst cases. The writer of the article speaks of the Society as instituting prosecutions against persons for "driving a vehicle without a light," "failing to notify parasitic mange," and "being in unlawful possession of ammunition." I may say at once that the Society has never, under any circumstances, instituted prosecutions for these offences. These offences have nothing whatever to do with the Society, and I cannot understand why the writer should have made such an erroneous statement. The Society is absolutely impartial, as its records show. I regret the writer of this article should suggest that this Society only goes for "little men."—Yours, &c.

G. G. FAIRHOLM,
Chief Secretary, Royal Society for the
Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

105, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1.
July 18th, 1929.

STATE-INFLICTED ENCEPHALITIS

SIR,—If it be true, as you remark, that the disturbing problem of vaccinal encephalitis is still "very much in the air," the fact can hardly be deemed creditable to the Department of State entrusted with the care of the public health.

It was so long ago as November, 1922, that Professors Turnbull and M'Intosh, reporting to the Ministry their careful investigation of fifteen fatal cases of this kind, stated that they could come to no other conclusion than that vaccination was responsible.

Nothing was allowed to leak out, and the favour with which the Ministry has always regarded the practice of vaccination remained unaffected.

A Departmental Committee was appointed to make further inquiry, and during the next fifteen months leisurely collected particulars of sixty-three further cases—an average of almost exactly one per week. Thirty-three of these were fatal, and in others lasting injury to the brain resulted.

Still the closest secrecy was maintained, still vaccination was commended in Parliament and the Press as "the one sure means of preventing smallpox," and still by every official channel was it urged upon an unsuspecting, but growingly reluctant, public.

At last, in August, 1926, Professors Turnbull and M'Intosh published their startling experience in the JOURNAL OF THE INSTITUTE OF PATHOLOGY, and the LANCET, to its great honour, had a candid leading article on the subject. A few months later the same public-spirited medical paper dragged the existence of the Andrews Report to light. The horror became at least known.

Still the attitude of the medical advisers of the Ministry remained unchanged, and outwardly at least would seem to be unchanged to this day, although the occurrence in a single week of six inquests upon "extremely rare" examples of death caused by "Government lymph properly administered" may be assumed to have caused some perturbation even in the official mind.

But now the public is beginning to take alarm, despite every precaution, and the impression spreads that "something must be done." The sooner, it would seem, the better.—Yours, &c.,

OSWALD EARP.

24, The Chase, S.W.4.
July 23rd, 1929.

WORLEBURY HILL

SIR,—I wrote a letter which you were good enough to publish in your columns some time ago, deploring the fact that the top of Worlebury Hill, overlooking Weston-super-Mare, with its stone-rampart camp and many circular pits—used in pre-Roman days either as dwellings or for the storage of corn—had been so enclosed with barbed wire that it was practically inaccessible to the public.

My friend Mr. Arthur E. Beck, of Banwell Abbey, the present owner of Worlebury Hill and Camp, tells me that he has—generously, as I think—offered the whole of the 16½ acres of the hilltop to the Weston-super-Mare Urban District Council at its original cost price, viz., £2,000, a figure very much below its present-day value.

The Council—for reasons best known to its members—has turned down this offer: and this is the more to be deplored, for I understand there is an application already in view from an amusement caterer to take over Worlebury Camp at a figure of approximately £800 a year rent. There is also the very obvious possibility of such a wonderful site being bought up for building purposes. Either of these suggestions seems unthinkable to anyone interested in this beautiful reminder of England's prehistoric period, and I am hoping there may be a movement on the part of lovers of the West Country, whether archaeologists or those who wish to secure these magnificent open spaces for all time, to save this landmark of the Severn Sea from desecration or ugly building operations. Personally I would be glad to subscribe towards a fund for such a laudable purpose.—Yours, &c.,

E. J. BURROW.

Imperial House, Cheltenham.

'A BABBLER OF GREEN FIELDS

By A. A. MILNE.

IT is the boast of cricketers that our beloved game has provided a cliché for Colonels and back-to-the-fire Clubmen, who say, when an immorality to which they are not accustomed has been suggested, "My boy, it isn't cricket." Our pride is legitimate. Certainly one could not imagine a footballer saying reprovingly to his son, "My boy, it isn't football." Nor could the player of a game whose complexity of rules was fashioned to prevent Scotsmen from cheating each other be expected to say, "My boy, it isn't golf"; nor the lawn-tennis player convey his meaning clearly by saying, "My boy, it isn't lawn-tennis," a game at which, when a doubtful point is decided, the loser scowls at the umpire, and the winner insults him publicly by giving away the next point. Indeed, if any other game were used to convey the moral, one would scent an irony in the moralist, as if he should say, "My boy, this isn't so-and-so which you are playing, and you are therefore expected to be a gentleman." But when he says, "This isn't cricket," there is no mistaking him. We are unworthy of the greatest of games.

The greatest of games? In our present mood we say Yes. Perhaps not the greatest to play; nor the most exciting to watch; but the greatest to love. It may be that we are prejudiced; indeed we must be, as all lovers are prejudiced, for we are the victims of a sentiment which knows no reason. We have watched and played our favourite game in fair country and good company, and it is no longer just a game, but for ever part of us. England in the summer, and in warm meadows slow-shadowed by the tall elms the sound of bat against ball, the shouts and the laughter; it is not a game which happened there or then, but a foolish dream which remains in our hearts as all that we mean by England. So it is to be a lover . . . and to smile when others talk of the Balance of Power or Our Increasing Exports.

To-day I am spectator, not player, and a critic, not only of players but of authors.* Fortunately, it is not the custom of a critic to feel doubtful of his qualifications, which need be no more than a pen and the connivance of his editor. Yet I should like to say that as a practitioner I have had my moments. I have played at Lords and on the village green; I have made twenty-three against two England bowlers in their prime; and once I bowled a maiden over to F. G. J. Ford. Mr. Cardus, no doubt, has done the first; Mr. Noble and Mr. Fender have certainly done the second; but I doubt if any of our authors has done the third. I shall move among them, therefore, as an equal.

It is chiefly in praise of heroes that Mr. Cardus waves his lyrical pen. He has a good eye for a hero, which makes one weep that Lancashire is so unalterably his home. To be lyrical over the modern heroes of that county is impossible to anyone who loves cricket as well as does Mr. Cardus. Poor man; the struggle which must go on in his heaving breast between the poet and the local patriot when Lancashire is playing Yorkshire at Old Trafford! Thirty years ago I supposed that the fifth Hell reserved for the wicked was an endless Sussex v. Essex match to which the condemned man had been allowed to bring mutton sandwiches only. To-day Sussex is the most attractive county above ground, and in the fifth Hell Lancashire plays Yorkshire inch by inch, and year by year. Yet perhaps we should be glad that Mr. Cardus has suffered so in this world, for evidently it clears his eye for real cricket when he sees it. No man of Kent could be more thrilled by Woolley than he, no Bristolian more delighted by Hammond. In return let a Southerner admit that Macdonald, in consenting to adorn Lancashire, gave her the most beautiful living bowler, a worthy peer of Richardson in his prime.

And, as I write, there comes back to me my first glimpse of a hero. He was new to the game; so in another sense was I; technically, perhaps, not in arms, but certainly lifted up for the occasion, so that I saw his curly black head through the heads of others. "That's Richardson, the new Surrey colt," said one eagerly to his neighbour, and close in front of us, after his few ineffective overs, slim then and brown, stood that Richardson who was to be the greatest fast bowler of all of them. A long time ago. Mr. Cardus was hardly born. I can remember, too, not seeing Woods and Macgregor playing together for Cambridge. I forget why they would not let me go, but I remember my tears, and that the usual adult consolation ("Another time, dear") was even more barren than usual; for I knew that now I should never wag my beard and say, "Ah, my boy, I saw Macgregor standing up to Woods fifty years ago!" However, I saw another great wicket-keeper, Mordecai Sherwin, end on; great from that angle, anyhow. Sherwin, Shacklock, Attewell, Shrewsbury, Gunn, Daft, how the names come back!—was Notts always playing in London?

There were great men before Agamemnon and slow cricketers before Woodfull. But at least the old slow cricketers of Nottinghamshire did play cricket, English cricket. To-day French cricket seems more popular. In "French cricket," as we used to play it in spare minutes with a tennis ball, one's legs were the wicket and could never be moved, and from the defending bat the ball bounced here and there, whence again it was bowled. Watch Stevens (of Middlesex and England) at the wicket and you will see the Prince of French-cricketers in action,

undisputed champion of the school playground. Watch the bat's delightful back-lift in the hands of another young Middlesex and England cricketer, Robins, and you will feel that, if he played twenty consecutive maidens, he would still be a joy to the eye. "Support the head of the racket," old tennis professionals used to say. Alas! the head of the modern bat is too often without visible means of support.

However, on the dullest batting day there may be consolation, and it is curious that Mr. Cardus, who has to suffer much of Lancashire, should seem to deny himself this relief. A few years ago Sussex was playing Middlesex at Lords. Middlesex with Hearne and Hendren on the side is always a little soporific, and it is notorious that old gentlemen suffering from insomnia go north-westward in the hope of finding the two at the wicket together. But on this occasion not a head nodded, not an eye closed. It was more than the best day's cricket of the year, it was a day to which one refers the best days of other years. For never has there been such a thrilling display of fielding and catching as Sussex gave that afternoon. Batters and bowlers became the mere instruments of cricket, the cause of beauty that was in others.

Is there anything in sport more beautiful than the perfect fieldsman? Think of Spooner's wrists at cover, Chapman when he first came to Lords, Hutchings's throw-in, A. O. Jones ready for anything anywhere, Holmes of Yorkshire and Hubert Ashton in the deep! Ashton could field magnificently wherever he happened to be, but I preferred him in the deep, because he had the lightning start and the glorious run of the good footballer. To-day there is a young professional on the ground staff at Lords, Hulme, also a footballer, who thunders across one's vision from long-on in pursuit of a leg-gance, and makes one grateful for the most defective batting. And is there a neater, prettier fielder to be seen now than the South African, Owen-Smith? Mr. Cardus says nothing of these heroes. Indeed, in a previous book he achieves the incredible; he writes, "A Note on Chapman," perhaps a thousand words, and spares not one word for his fielding! It is as if he regretted the early death of such a good letter-writer as Keats, leaving us to infer, if we cared to, that when Keats was not writing letters he probably wrote poetry or something. It is as if one referred to Mr. Cardus himself as the well-known authority on music.

And so, by way of Chapman, we come to our other two authors, Noble and Fender. (No "Misters" for such household names.) With them we return to that Old Trafford atmosphere which Mr. Cardus, though he breathes it, keeps so successfully out of his books; and cricket becomes again a grim struggle. Interesting as these books are, they have been published too soon for me. Most of us prefer our Wisden as our wine, old rather than new, and in ten years' time, when the details of the last Test Matches are but a vague and inaccurate memory, I shall take my Noble and my Fender eagerly from their shelf. Meanwhile, I note sadly that, in the opinion of the able and experienced M. A. Noble, the Australian Selection Committee ought to have included "men of experience and proven ability on the cricket-field," and that, in the opinion of that ingenuous all-rounder P. G. H. Fender, the English team was disgracefully short of all-rounders. Well, well, they had to work it off somehow; and when the atmosphere of first-class cricket becomes too arid for us, we can always wander with Mr. Cardus, in the occasional holiday which he allows himself, to the green and pleasant fields of "Shastbury," where to have lived, and to have known cricket, he says (and makes us feel), is to have lived for a little while in heaven.

* "The Summer Game," By Neville Cardus. (Grant Richards and Humphrey Toulmin. 5s.) "The Fight for the Ashes," By M. A. Noble. (Harrap. 15s.) "The Turn of the Wheel," By P. G. H. Fender. (Faber and Faber. 15s.)

BITTER-SWEET

IT was one of those very warm nights that we have had of late. A calm green sky was spread over the Haymarket, and the flags on the hotels and on the austere buildings where you book a passage to America, were as listless, after the hot day, as the Londoners themselves. It was Mr. Noel Coward's new play*—the one for which this prodigious young man has written all the words and all the music and taught all the people how to play their parts. During the intervals the stalls and dress circle almost emptied themselves into the street. It was His Majesty's Theatre. This was the house that Tree built in the high and palmy days of pre-war London; in the days when London, as someone has said, was all grey carriage horses and scarlet geranium boxes; when you were always turning on your heel in the street because a celebrity had gone by; when Tottenham Court Road and Victoria Street on warm days smelt like stables. Tree, they say, used to refer to this theatre as "my beautiful theatre." Everything that Tree possessed was "my beautiful" this, that, or the other, and one of the stories that went round London about that highly affected man was that at the stage-door of this very theatre he told the driver of a hansom cab to drive him "home," and, when the driver, who was out of temper that night, asked obtusely where his home was, Tree refused to say: "Do you think I am going to tell a coarse and worldly man like you where my beautiful home is?" And this, of course, produced a deadlock, and somebody had to intervene. This was the kind of thing that used to happen—or at any rate they said it happened in London before the war, when actor-managers and people like that were as wonderful as orchids. On this night, when Mr. Coward's new play was being produced, the change which has come over London was all round one. The buildings, bigger; the people, somehow, smaller!

Those who came out into the street at the end of the first act were like men and women who had just beheld their own faces in a glass. The play opens in a modern ballroom. They are doing a fox-trot. When the music stops on an unresolved chord, the couples come apart and, facing one another, they clap their hands for more music. This being refused, they all suddenly swarm out through a door at the back of the stage. Mr. Coward is a wonderful producer, and he knew what he was doing when he showed us the back view of the curiously sexless crowd pushing through a door which was too narrow for them. It was exactly what the people in the expensive parts of the theatre did when the interval arrived. "After that," a girl in the stalls was overheard to say, "after that, we'll go out and have a drink." They did—and there they all were in the passages of the theatre, in the street, and in the bars—the young women of to-day with their sunburned anatomical backs, their little heads and rather hard features, cigarette smoke gushing from each separate nostril—glasses in their hands—held expertly—something amber-coloured in these glasses. Mr. Coward has his eye on them. It is not a wholly favourable eye. The very dear old lady who has strayed on to the floor of that modern dance accuses them of being addicted to noise and speed. She doubts—and so do we—whether the two whom she finds making rather sly love are really prepared to live and die for one another. And then she shows them how she, when she was a girl in the seventies, ran away—"eloped" would be the proper word—with her music-master and what a

great thing their love for one another was. That is the play—and the people in the stalls, being of these modern times, were not supposed to be capable of devotion like theirs. And yet how unsafe it is to think that people in the mass are either better or worse than they were. For outside in the street—during the interval—there was a man performing some tricks. A sixpence which was meant for him went astray. There was some doubt whether he had seen it. This was observed by two of Mr. Coward's moderns and, while the man went on with the complicated business of tying himself into a knot, they retrieved the sixpence and restored it to his cap, which lay on the floor. A little act of kindness and concern—done perhaps more easily and naturally than you would have seen it done in the stiff and solemn seventies. But that, again, is a generalization, and we have only just agreed that they are dangerous things to make.

One is perhaps wrong in supposing that Mr. Coward has fallen in love with mid-Victorian times. He just shows them to us. No time is so remote as the day before yesterday. These women of the eighties! Like fantail pigeons—such protuberances and platforms to them—such a downiness—such a tenderness of eye—such an enormous and continual emphasis on sex. Or like swans moving without the suspicion of having feet or, still more awful, legs! One is sure that our own young women will not return to those modes when they are tired of these. And yet something has been sacrificed. It is curious to look at Mr. Coward's stage pictures of the eighties and then to reflect that these trussed-up days were the days of the "society beauties"—when John Bright's perorations were not more admired than Mrs. Langtry's profile, and when it was a regular thing to hire a chair in Hyde Park and to stand on it when the Countess of Dudley drove by. Adoration does not go to those lengths now. And perhaps for the peace and progress of the world it is just as well!

W. H. M.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Beauty," at the Strand Theatre.

WE watch in this play the rebellion of the plain against the good-looking. This is the central idea of "Beauty," and those who know the London stage at the moment will see that it is another opportunity for Mr. Charles Laughton. In Mr. Laughton we are, quite unlike our usual way, raising a stage hero who was not told by his looking-glass to be an actor. In this play Mr. Laughton presents Ugliness. There is no compromise about it. The ugliness which he presents is not that kind which grows on you and is rather more attractive than beauty when the taste for it has been acquired. The eye can find no joy whatever in Jacques Blaise. And yet the alchemy of Mr. Laughton's art makes him a romantic object, and it is with the full assent of all our minds that he defeats the glittering lady killer on his own ground, and enters upon possession of the beautiful widow who is in issue between them. We said that he met the lady killer on his own ground. That is precisely true, and, pondering upon this play, we see that it is in this curious shaping of events that "Beauty" reveals its extremely French flavour, even after Mr. Michael Morton has adapted it to the English stage. For a sad confession has to be made about the pallid and sedentary young man. The widow, for whom there is this competition, takes refuge with him for a night so that she may avoid the lady killer to whom she is about to succumb. An English writer, having brought the plot to this point, would have had not a moment's doubt in making Jacques Blaise a Sir Galahad. He would have retired the plain young man at the right time, like a faithful servile dog, to the draughty mat on the austere side of the door. Not so the French writer, to

* His Majesty's Theatre: "Bitter Sweet." By Noel Coward.

whom physical facts are physical facts and no great harm in them either! Blaise comes rather a sensational cropper from grace. We are denied the pleasure of seeing a spiritual conquest, and, in the sad truth of what happened, we have to fall back on our liking for the young man which, however, by this time has become genuine. The cast of "Beauty" includes, besides Mr. Laughton, the much-admired Miss Isabel Jeans, and it gives us the pleasure of seeing Lady Tree and Mr. Lyall Swete in character studies.

"The Face at the Window," Little Theatre.

If you have a taste for novel experiences, go to the Little Theatre and pay twelve shillings for a stall at a play which you can see at almost any other time, acted by the same or a similar company, for as many pence. But that is not the only reason. "The Face at the Window" is one of those magnificent relics of an age when melodrama was melodrama and not a game of guessing who did the murder or turned out the lights. The villain is recognizable the moment he appears—by us, that is: the other characters do not share our remarkable intuition that all is not well with a man who speaks broken English and wears evening dress all day. The heavy father is killed off in the first act, but not, fortunately, before he has said, "You are no longer daughter of mine"; the hero and heroine go through all the expected anguishes and utter every cliché that is not spoken by the villain; the funny man throws off such airy railleries as "No, you can't," in reply to the villain's taunt of "Canaille!"; and we must not omit to place on record this solemn truth: "Women's hearts, like citadels, are not easily overcome." I give you three guesses who says that. It would seem that this play (which was first produced over thirty years ago) is the progenitor of the present-day thriller, for although everything else is as plain as daylight, the actual "Face at the Window" is never explained.

Strindberg's "The Father," Everyman Theatre.

This notable play, which was produced at the Everyman two years ago, has now been revived. It is being very finely acted by Miss Mary Grew, Miss Louise Hampton, and Mr. Malcolm Morley. The last named is especially remarkable in the climax of Act 3.

"Tembi," Marble Arch Pavilion.

This film of wild animal life in Central Africa, taken by the well-known naturalist Mr. Cherry Kearton, is one of the most fascinating examples we have yet seen of one of the best uses to which the films have been put. Mr. Kearton has wisely included a certain degree of "human interest" in the film, which gives it form and links together the pictures of animals, making them in this way more interesting than they would be as an entirely disconnected series. He puts the "story" into the mouth of an old native chief, who tells how as a young man he left his own tribe, taking his wife and child with him, and travelled several hundred miles across country, through swamps and jungles, mountains and deserts, till at last he joined himself to a strange and more primitive tribe: this tribe elected him their chief by virtue of his superior knowledge, of his bow and arrow, and, more particularly, because he was able to summon from the waters of the lake Tembi, the sacred crocodile, whom they thought had forsaken them. (There is, it seems, a peculiar call known to some natives, which crocodiles will answer.) The main part of the film consists of pictures of the animals seen and encountered by the traveller on his long journey. These are very remarkable, ranging from almost alarming "close-ups" of a huge black-maned lion to photographs of strange insects, and including an immense variety of animals and birds, some of them rare and little known.

Modern French Masters, Lefèvre Gallery.

Messrs. Reid and Lefèvre have arranged another extremely good exhibition of modern French paintings: this time it consists more of the work of contemporary artists than of the masters of the nineteenth century, though there are still four or five pictures by Renoir, Degas, Sisley,

Odilon Redon, and Seurat, including, by the last named, one of the lovely little studies for his big picture "L'Ile de la Grand' Jatte," and, by Degas, the very fine "Jockeys, 1888." Among the contemporary painters represented Utrillo stands out as an exquisite colourist both in his "Eglise aux Environs de Paris" and, especially, in "La Ferme Debray," which, though not composed on so important a scale as the other, is a very successful example of his characteristic colour-design of cool greys, buff and blue-green. Derain is represented by a very charming small still life, "Le Pichet," by one of his small, firmly modelled female heads, and by a large and impressive, if not altogether attractive, nude. By Modigliani there is a lovely "Les Yeux Bleus," by Matisse, an "Intérieur à Nice," a landscape, a flower-piece, and a beautiful "Deux Pêches sur une Assiette," delicious in colour and extremely satisfying in design. Other painters represented are Jean Lurçat and the always amusing Dufresne. There is also an exhibition in the same gallery of etchings by Mr. Ian Strang.

* * *

Things to see and hear in the coming week:—

Saturday, July 27th.—

League of Nations Union, Summer School, New College, Oxford; Mr. Philip Kerr, on "America and the World Community," 9.30 a.m.

"The Speyg," by Mr. A. D. George, at the Arts Theatre.

Monday, July 29th.—

Lord Lugard, on "The Backward Races," at the League of Nations Oxford Summer School, 8.

Tuesday, July 30th:—

"Bees and Honey," by Mr. H. F. Maltby, at the New Theatre.

Revival of "The Skin Game," by Mr. John Galsworthy, at Wyndham's.

Mr. Wickham Steed, on "The Formation of Public Opinion," League of Nations Union Oxford Summer School, 5.30 p.m.

Wednesday, July 31st.—

"The Tiger in Men," by Mr. Dion Titheradge, at the Adelphi.

Boy Scouts' World Jamboree, at Arrowe Park, Birkenhead.

Thursday, August 1st.—

The Ninth Liberal Summer School, St. Andrews Hall, Cambridge (August 1st-8th); Inaugural Address by Mr. E. D. Simon, M.P., 8.30.

Friday, August 2nd.—

Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe, on "Anglo-American Relations—The Situation To-day," and Mr. Philip Kerr, on "A Basis for Co-operation," Liberal Summer School, Cambridge.

OMICRON.

TELLING THE TALE

"So that is all there is to it." He ended His story: tapped his briar on the hob To clear it; filled it once again with shag; And then sat smoking contemplatively. And though I knew that he had not intended To hold back aught essential, or to rob His hearers of the clue, I watched the hag Who'd sat with eyes fixed on his face, while he Had told the tale; and, as he stopped, she drew Again into her corner with a leer Of satisfaction. Then I surely knew, Although his lips had moved, and his slow tongue The solemn words had uttered, it was she Who'd told the tale that she would have us hear: That, while she lived, no one would ever learn Aught but his mother's version of how his young And newly wedded wife had come to die: That he was but a puppet to twist and turn With life-like motions and talk mechanically Under the evil spell of her one eye.

WILFRID GIBSON.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

FROM MOZART TO MISS STEIN

FOR those who like diaries, memoirs, and autobiographies, there are several, lately published, which may be recommended. In five separate books you may watch five separate egos, indestructible and completely unlike one another, struggling with life, themselves, their wives, husbands, friends, and enemies, and giving us in slow-motion pictures glimpses of an epoch which begins with Mozart at work on "Don Giovanni" in Vienna and ends with Miss Gertrude Stein talking to H.H. the Dayang Muda of Sarawak (née Miss Palmer) in Paris; or, if you prefer the company, with Miss Constance Collier, Mr. Noel Coward, and Mr. Ivor Novello eating "delicious eggs and bacon" at the Fifty-Fifty in London. The first in this series of five is "Memoirs of Lorenzo da Ponte," translated by L. A. Sheppard (Routledge, 15s.), and it is also the first volume in a new series, "Broadway Diaries, Memoirs, and Letters," which is edited by Eileen Power and Elizabeth Drew and promises very well. Da Ponte's memoirs were well worth translating into English. He was born in 1749 at Ceneda in Venetia of Jewish parents, but he was baptized at the age of fourteen and soon became an Abbé. He is chiefly remembered as the librettist of Mozart's "Don Giovanni," "Figaro," and "Cosi fan tutte." His early life was lived in Venice, and he was one of those eighteenth-century adventurers, of whom the greatest was his friend Casanova. But he was neither as great a scoundrel nor as great a character as Casanova. There is something very mean and unpleasant about the ego of Lorenzo da Ponte which, for all his efforts to conceal it, creeps about the pages of his biography. A wanderer, like all adventurers, from Venice to Gorizia, from Gorizia to Dresden, from Dresden to Vienna, from Vienna to Trieste, from Trieste to London, and from London to the United States, he was always meeting with misfortunes which he ascribed to the jealousy and malice of enemies, but which were really due to his own cantankerous follies and vices. When he died at the age of eighty-nine, Professor of Italian at Columbia, but in poverty and without a single pupil, dictating "tributary verses to his kind physician," he could look back over a life of failure in which his worst enemy had been his own ego. The merit of his memoirs is that they show us this ego creeping about the strange eighteenth-century world of Venice, Vienna, and London, and then again creeping on into the still stranger nineteenth-century world of New York and Philadelphia.

* * *

The Rev. William Jones, born at Abergavenny in 1755, was six years younger than da Ponte, who outlived him by seventeen years. The character and life of this clergyman are the exact opposite of those of his contemporary, da Ponte, and the memoirs of the one and the diary of the other give two wonderfully contrasted pictures of life in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. The beginning of Jones's life was similar to that of the Venetian Jew. From Abergavenny Grammar School, a poor student, he went to Oxford in 1774. In 1778 he went out to Jamaica as tutor to the sons of the Attorney-General, and stayed there two years. On his return to England he took his B.A. degree, was ordained, married Miss Theodosia Jessopp, and became curate in the village of Broxbourne, fifteen miles north of London. And in the village of Broxbourne, the Rev. William Jones spent the remain-

ing forty years of his life, twenty of those years as curate and twenty as vicar. If looked at externally, there is nothing more to be said about his life, but Jones kept a diary, now published for the first time under the title "The Diary of the Revd. William Jones, 1777-1821," edited with an introduction by his great-grandson O. F. Christie (Brentano, 21s.), and the little drama of character revealed in its pages is worth more than all the adventures of da Ponte. It is a long time since I have come across anything as interesting and amusing in the way of autobiography as this clergyman's diary. He began to keep it at Oxford, and continued it in Jamaica, his main object being to record his sins. It was customary in those days, thanks to Methodism and other fashionable masochistic varieties of religion, for the most exemplary and virgin of youths to flagellate themselves verbally in diaries as, to quote poor virtuous Jones, "the Vilest of the Vile, the most daring Rebel against Heaven." Jones's sins were imaginary, but his diary shows him to have been a narrow-minded, pious prig, with no sense of humour. The fascinating thing about this diary is that it allows us to watch the gradual metamorphosis of this priggish, pompous, canting youth into a great character, shrewd and yet simple, wise and yet very foolish, humorous, bitter, kindly, witty, cynical, quick-tempered, tolerant. It was, I think, Theodosia Jessopp who was the cause of this transfiguration of William Jones. Poor Jones found very soon that he had caught a Tartar in "my dearest Theodosia." In 1790 he wrote in his diary:—

"My wife and I (for let me not forget to give precedence to whom precedence is due), seem to be disputing about the mastery. At the end of every contention I am ready to say—'Let me submit, since you will not!'"

Submit he did—to be most ruthlessly henpecked for the remainder of his life. And how much better for the character submission is than power and domination, is shown by his diary. Theodosia ruled and kept no diary, an unhappy, cantankerous woman, I imagine, in her lifetime, and with no memorial of her but an ugly miniature and the menacing portrait in her husband's diary. While Jones, who was allowed no say in his house, took to saying it all in his diary, and learnt to record in it his troubles and consolations, instead of his sins, with a tolerant and humorous cynicism that comes very near to wisdom.

* * *

The three other books are all modern and all worth reading. "Pomp and Circumstance," by E. de Gramont, ex-Duchesse de Clermont Tonnerre (Cape, 10s. 6d.), takes one into the world of the French aristocracy. The picture of it is drawn with skill and charm, and it is interesting to examine this little piece of the eighteenth century, preserved as a faded and meaningless anachronism by its possessors. "Relations and Complications," by H.H. the Dayang Muda of Sarawak (Bodley Head, 15s.), reveals, among many other things, the amazing sentimentality of Ruskin, Meredith, and Her Highness's mother, who is addressed as "O thou Superlative in Sweetness!" "Harlequinade," by Constance Collier (Bodley Head, 15s.), has an extraordinarily good description of Miss Collier's early years on the stage as a "Gaiety Girl," but tails off a little afterwards.

LEONARD WOOLF.

REVIEWS

THE CITY OF TO-MORROW

The City of To-morrow. By LE CORBUSIER. Translated by FREDERICK ETCHHELLS. (Rodker. 25s.)

THIS is the book of the year. Le Corbusier ranks with Freud, Picasso, and Einstein, as a leading genius of our time. The only great architect alive, he has turned his attention from the individual house to town-planning. And the result is "The City of To-morrow," a book not for aesthetes but for statesmen.

In his own buildings, and in his book "Towards a New Architecture" (also published by Mr. Rodker), Le Corbusier has developed an architectural style appropriate to the twentieth century. It is a style based upon utility, upon the idea that a house is a living-machine, just as the aeroplane is a flying-machine, and the Singer a sewing-machine. At the same time he realizes that perfect adaptation to function is not enough. And in his own work, as opposed to some imitations of it, he has applied imagination to science, in the pursuit of beauty. But in "L'Urbanisme," which Mr. Etchells has translated admirably under the title "The City of To-morrow," Le Corbusier is only incidentally concerned with art. His aim is to show how a modern city can be made an efficient instrument. I think he has succeeded.

The stupidity of the nineteenth century has made life in the great cities almost intolerable. The prodigious growth of the urban population offered every opportunity for good planning to public bodies guided by the foresight of experts. But politicians were more occupied with theological niceties and with the government of a retrograde and thinly populated province than with the condition of the millions who were multiplying in the English cities. No bounds were placed to the rights of property owners, and the artisans of our prosperity were housed as slaves. Superstitious economists exalted the greed of individual speculators, and deplored public interference in the matters most pertinent to the public interest. Petersburg, Bath, the town of Versailles, examples left by a more civilized age, were forgotten, and the industrial towns arose, fortuitous accumulations of inconvenient and unhealthy houses, which sacrificed efficiency to quick return of capital. One has only to visit Sheffield or Crewe to realize the price we are still paying for the jobbery and ignorance of our ancestors.

The antiquity of such cities as London and Paris makes the badness of their plan more excusable. But regarded as plant they are equally indefensible. Paris was fortunate in having a series of autocrats to improve it. Louis XIV. and Louis XV., Napoleon the Great and Napoleon III. were all drastic in their measures, and to their foresight Paris owes its superiority to London alike in beauty and convenience. But the dark, noisy, airless buildings and blocked streets of both capitals are a disgrace to a prosperous and scientific age. A factory run by machines designed seventy years ago would excite universal ridicule. We cannot afford cities that are equally obsolete.

Le Corbusier's plans are applicable to ancient capitals as well as to new cities. Subsidized by the Voisin Company, he has prepared designs for rebuilding the centre of Paris on a scientific basis. He proposes a gridiron system, with roads varying in breadth from 150 to 400 feet, with cross-roads every 350 or 400 yards. On the island sites thus created there are to be cruciform skyscrapers over 600 feet in height. In the vertical city which would result only 5 per cent. of the space would be built on, and the remaining 95 per cent. would be devoted to roads, car-parks, and, above all, to open spaces with grass and trees, upon which the more beautiful of existing buildings would be preserved. The areas which at present appear disgustingly overcrowded would have room for four times as many people, but there would be enormously more light and air. New York, which invented the sky-scraper, has used it merely to collect the maximum population on a restricted space. Le Corbusier has shown its proper function. But these towers are office buildings. The dwellings are large groups of flats, only six storeys high, built on the "cellular system," each flat including a "hanging garden," made by one room having no wall on the outside. These gaps in the covering of the

steel or concrete framework occur on every floor, so that the whole building "breathes." Here 85 per cent. of the ground would remain unbuilt upon.

I do not think that the importance of this idea can be overrated, and if science directs the future course of European civilization I have no doubt that some such scheme will be generally adopted. Le Corbusier maintains that it is already economically practicable, as only one site need be cleared at a time, and the increased accommodation would quickly repay the capital expenditure. But even if this is true, such a scheme argues a courage and a humane imagination in Governments which only occasional autocracies have so far possessed. The individualism, however, of the nineteenth century is failing, and the Liberal Socialism to which England apparently is tending might eventually apply such a plan to London. If it is a heresy for a Liberal to believe in the public ownership of urban property, this book should make many heretics. For the city of Le Corbusier's imagination is not only more enormously effective as an instrument, but enormously more beautiful as a spectacle. It delights our instinct for order, and proclaims the supremacy of human intellect. If peace in the world can be preserved, perhaps some of us may live to see it realized. In the meanwhile, every citizen should read the book and study its illustrations so as to comprehend the magnificence which man's power over his environment is making possible.

RAYMOND MORTIMER.

NEW NOVELS

The Wave. By EVELYN SCOTT. (Cape. 15s.)

All Kneeling. By ANNE PARRISH. (Benn. 7s. 6d.)

The Midnight Bell. By PATRICK HAMILTON. (Constable. 7s. 6d.)

Windfall's Eve. By E. V. LUCAS. (Methuen. 7s. 6d.)

Life—and a Fortnight. By MARGARET PETERSON. (Benn. 7s. 6d.)

THE best reviewers, so one is frequently told by those who do not review, never read more than the chapter-headings. When chapters have no headings, a sniff at the first paragraph and the last sentence is quite sufficient. This may be true. Lucid first-hand accounts of the methods of good reviewers are hard to come by. Like Miss Matty, they retire behind a screen to suck their orange, and the details of the process of absorption, whether thorough or sketchy, must remain a matter of conjecture for the rest of the world. Those who do not review suppose that one suck is enough. After all, it is less of a feat than reconstructing a plausible prehistoric monster from a knee-cap and one vertebra. The inferior sort of reviewer, he or she who plods through each volume from Dan to Beersheba, finds it easier to recognize the significance of the knee-cap after considering the entire structure. But even if one cheats in the game by playing it backwards, it is not an unprofitable game. Few people would go so far as to say that they liked eggs, and that it was only the taste of eggs that they disliked, and yet many will make an equally Irish distinction between the contents of a book and its style. Possibly some of the readers of Mr. Hamilton's new novel "The Midnight Bell" will be ready to swear that they read it merely for the story. They delude themselves, and if they like "The Midnight Bell" they are better judges of good prose than they know.

"Well, 'Bob,'" she said, disparagingly.

"She always put her 'Bob' in inverted commas, as though he were not really Bob at all, and his assumption of being so, along with all his other pretensions, were pure impostures which she had tumbled to a long while ago. . . .

"Well, 'Ella,'" he said, and did not look up from the mirror.

"Brushing his precious 'hair,'" said Ella. . . . His having hair was impudence, in itself."

Here is a short quotation that would give a good deal away, even to the most plodding reviewer. No traces of admiration for James Joyce or D. H. Lawrence or Marcel Proust are likely to crop up in this novel. Nor will the relationships of Bob and Ella or anyone else prove very complicated. It will go on like this, Dickensian, sensitive, a little slight. Business, as it happens, has thrown Bob and Ella together—Ella being the barmaid and Bob the waiter at "The Midnight Bell." Bob is the sort of young man whose hair is always well-brushed, and who merits the slightly caustic

affection of nice barmaids. And until Jenny enters his life he has £80 in the bank. Jenny is a prostitute, twenty-one and pretty, ignorant but infinitely cunning, an expert in man-and-money lore. Her favourite victims are good, decent citizens who are so moved by her youth and tragedy that they pay to give her holidays from her prostitution. According to Mr. Hamilton, prostitution, like playing the bagpipes, is as richly rewarded for the breach as for the observance. (And, unlike the bagpipes, it can simulate a breach.) Bob falls desperately in love with Jenny, and complete disillusionment descends only when the last of the £80 has gone. The trouble about Jenny as a central character is that she has nothing to say—and even so her vocabulary can scarcely stand the strain. She is in this way far more convincing than, for instance, Caliban, grunting out some of the best lines in "The Tempest." Conviction, however, is dearly bought. Jenny is what Harriette Wilson would call "a dead bore"—and so would Caliban have been, had Shakespeare been a realist. We might have guessed much of this from our key quotation. "Well, Ella," and "Well, Bob," however varied and amplified, is not conversation, humanly understood.

"All Kneeling" is full of another type of talk which, though infinitely and most ingeniously varied, has no interest of its own:—

"I have a ridiculous terror of being interviewed," Christabel Caine was saying, her voice low, yet so clear that each word stood by itself, exquisite and apart as if it were enclosed in a glass bell. "You must be kind to me. Because—it sounds absurd, I know—I'm very shy. I think perhaps it comes from my lonely childhood. I must have been a funny little person, growing up alone, in a big old house with a big old garden, talking to the flowers and butterflies."

Christabel Caine, a Blanche Amory in modern America, is less of a bore than Jenny, but so much more despicable, that "All Kneeling" is rather unpleasant reading. Christabel is, of course, a strictly moral type of harpy, and believed to be an angel by practically everyone in the book. Miss Parrish's sole and set purpose is to expose her to the reader, and she makes a smart and arid piece of work out of it. At the beginning of this century, American women writers were almost entirely employed in describing golden-hearted girls whom everyone adored—"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "Anne of Green Gables," "Pollyanna—a Glad Book," and a host of others. Christabel is Pollyanna reconsidered in a less glad and gullible age, and the book might well have been born of a sense of wounded vanity at the memory of past foolishness.

As no quotation of less than two columns could fairly represent "The Wave," we must dispense with one altogether. Though only a portrayal of America during the Civil War, it reads like an attempt to make an inventory of the world and life, and the mere physical difficulties of dealing with the manuscript of so prodigious a work would daunt the normal novelist. Miss Scott writes at times with real distinction, at other times turgidly, like a suppressed minor poet letting off steam. By far her greatest problem is selection and rejection. If she thinks of a good word, it must go in, even if it ruins the balance, and unfortunately she thinks of thousands of good words. If she thinks of another character to exemplify yet another aspect of the war, she cannot bear to deny her idea expression. When she tackles a piece of historical drama, such as the assassination of Lincoln, she has so much to say that her description is like a ponderous slow-motion film representing psychological states by means of symbols.

The manuscript of "Windfall's Eve" must have been much easier to manage. A good deal of it has the tobacco flavour of literature that has been carried about in the pocket; perhaps jotted down on the backs of envelopes while Mr. Lucas waited for his grilled cutlet. It is quite a good book for this sort of weather—to choose "The Wave" as the July book of the month was a little unkind to American readers. Holiday-makers who like something which encourages sleep by less drastic means than prosiness could select many less suitable volumes than "Windfall's Eve" to share their hammock.

As far as material and method go, Miss Peterson is a long way from being an individual writer. She is Florence

Barclay with less religion and Berta Ruck with more *chic*, a description which fits at least a score of other women novelists. But one virtue is peculiar to her. While she now writes with all the skill of an experienced best-seller, she never loses the buoyancy and fervour of the ingénue, the chirping innocence of a young person engaged in her first serial for a provincial daily.

LYN LL. IRVINE.

A HISTORY OF THE BRITISH

British History. By RAMSAY MUIR. (G. Philip. 7s. 6d.)

MR. MUIR has succeeded in a very difficult task. He has written a "history for the use of upper forms" which will appeal to many who have long left school and university. To compress with accuracy the history of "all the British peoples" into 760 pages is an achievement. Mr. Muir has done this and more. He has made a very readable book. He has escaped the ordinary pit-falls of the text-book writer—he has not sacrificed interest to compression; he has avoided vague generalization and has not fallen a prey to the desire to detail too much. The book is the first short history of the British peoples to appear. It deserves pride of place: it tells an epic story with clarity, point, and great good sense.

Mr. Muir has done long service in an admirable school of history. He has brought to his work the qualities which we have learnt to expect—objectivity, balance, and sound learning. The multiform fallacies to which the historian is liable have all alike failed to ensnare him. He has ignored the old unreal "divisions" of history—political, social, economic, and so on; he has written history "without epithets." The standing temptation of the popularizer has not attracted him. He has not been led by the need for simplification to take refuge in "tendencies" and "forces": he never forgets that he is writing about men. Living, feeling, thinking men, various and incalculable—no two alike—these are the makers as well as the stuff of history. For a book of this length, there is a really remarkable number of short and striking portraits.

If the opinions advanced are never startlingly original, that is as it should be in a text-book, where the object must always be to be sound rather than to be smart. As a rule, Mr. Muir has rightly taken the "received" or majority view, where such a view exists. But he has not allowed his judgment to be hampered. In his account of more recent history he writes with complete independence and complete disregard for Whig tradition. Here are no standard books to mark the way. It is the best proof of his judgment and fairness that he writes of the most modern history like a historian, not like a party man. Many of his views may be contested, but never on the ground of party prejudice.

This is the more impressive because Mr. Muir has not shrunk from concluding his narrative in 1929. He is to be congratulated on his boldness. As he points out, there is a "blank patch in the knowledge of most of us, covering the period between the date up to which our studies were brought at school and the date at which we began to follow events for ourselves." Those who were at school during the decade 1914-1924 are probably unique in their ignorance of the world war. Their elders know from personal experience, their juniors from some beginning of teaching in the schools. It is all to the good that a vigorous assault should be made on this type of ignorance. It can only be pushed home if other trained writers follow the example of Mr. Muir. No one supposes that their writings on the last generation can begin to approach finality. But they can do a service to education. They can remove that hopeless innocence of the very outlines of recent history which is at present a reproach to the greater number of British schools.

Concentration on modern history has led Mr. Muir into his only major error of arrangement. He has neglected the middle ages for his later loves. A historian who sets out to describe the achievements and traditions as well as the problems of the British people cannot afford to do this. The image of ordered growth with which he presents us is somewhat stunted in its early years. But this is a defect of proportion. The book as a whole defies criticism. It is a masterpiece of its kind.

FRENCH IN THE ORIGINAL AND IN TRANSLATION

Introduction to the Method of Leonardo da Vinci. By PAUL VALÉRY. Translated by THOMAS MCGREEVY. Edition limited to 875 copies. (Rodker. 18s.)

Adolphe. Par BENJAMIN CONSTANT. (Payot. 20 frs.)

Œuvres de Molière. Publiées avec des notes par B. GUEGAN. Tome Cinquième. (Payot. 20 fr.)

THESE three books are not uncharacteristic of English and French book production at the present time. All are beautifully printed, and the English volume is beautifully and substantially bound. The French volumes, on the other hand, are bound in paper, the printing upon which is plain but in admirable taste. The price of the English volume is 18s. 6d., and it is intended for a limited, small public; if it had been brought out at under 3s. 6d., which is what is charged for the French volumes, the sale would probably not have been any larger than it will be at 18s. 6d. It may be said that M. Valéry could not possibly be expected to have the wide appeal of Molière or Constant. But we have nothing in England to compare for beauty and cheapness with this edition of Molière. No publisher would dream of being able to publish the edition of Ben Jonson, now being edited by Herford and Simpson, in volumes containing 350 pages and illustrations, at 3s. 4d.

Of Mr. McGreevy's translation of M. Valéry's difficult work we have only praise. The translator could hardly have a harder task, and he has succeeded in not only retaining something of M. Valéry's style, but also making his translation really read like English.

A DULL DECADE

The Eighteen-Seventies. Essays by FELLOWS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE. Edited by H. GRANVILLE-BARKER. (Cambridge University Press. 12s. 6d.)

PRESUMABLY the writers who flourished during the 1870's were not unduly class-conscious of this fact. No doubt they were very pleased with themselves, yet probably they did not spend their time trying to score off the 1860's or anticipate the 1880's. They just went their way, felicitating each other, deploring the age, which did not appreciate them, and disregarding dates. The phrase the 1870's, therefore, cannot have much spiritual significance. Still, it is amusing to be told what books, good or bad, were published during those years and to change for an hour into an intelligent reader of the '70's scanning the publishers' lists to see what books to order from the library.

Treated in this harsh manner, the '70's become unsubstantial. A large number of the books particularly associated with the '70's appear to have been published either in 1869 or 1880, and we grow slightly discouraged. During this decade Christina Rossetti published no poetry. Matthew Arnold, lost in the choral waste of the Higher Criticism, published neither verse nor social and literary criticism. Browning published little of value after "Hohenstiel-Schwangau" ("The Ring and the Book" was published in 1869). Tennyson devoted the '70's to the drama, and gave but faint indications of the wonderful *réveil* that was to come with the '80's. Mr. Hugh Walpole points out very truly that though Trollope published two excellent novels, "The Vicar of Bullhampton" and "The Prime Minister," during the '70's, he had reached his heyday with the '60's.

The '70's live on the memory of the Pre-Raphaelites. "Love is Enough" (1872) and "Sigurd the Volsung" (1876), reach the high-water mark of William Morris, while Rossetti's first volume, composed many years before, was published in 1870. Another interesting figure of the '70's was James Thompson, author of "The City of Dreadful Night," "The Bed," &c., who has not yet received all the praise that is due to him. Otherwise a mild and not unpleasing chirrup was kept up by Dixon, O'Shaughnessy, Lord de Tabley, and other minor Pre-Raphaelites.

In criticism, Walter Pater holds the field, a fitting pendant to the Pre-Raphaelites, though Professor Boas tries to make out that Hutton, of the *SPECTATOR*, was more than an enterprising journalist. The mere titles of his books give

one a headache. Note, however, the keen East wind of Leslie Stephen ("Hours in a Library," 1874-1879) which provides the necessary counterblast to the enervating zephyrs of Walter Pater and Oxford.

Miss Victoria Sackville-West is extremely gay with the female poets of the decade. She is not handicapped by lack of material, for they abounded. But she is forced to admit that they are more female than poets. She finally plumps for Jean Ingelow's "Divided," which has indeed an individual and very pleasant measure:—

"An empty sky, a world of heather,
Purple of fox-glove, yellow of bloom,
We two among them, wading together,
Shaking out honey, treading perfume."

It is amusing to remember that this particular poem was singled out by Calverley for a withering parody.

Sir Arthur Pinero tries to do his best for Byron and Tom Robertson, and then Mr. Granville Barker disembowels Tennyson and Swinburne as dramatists. This he does with a goodwill some will find painful, for Tennyson wrote a few scenes which show he might have been a master of dramatic diction, and Mr. Barker has to admit that "Bothwell," too, might have been a fine drama. But it is to Meredith that Mr. Barker's heart very properly goes out. His unfinished comedy, "The Sentimentalists" (which I saw, I think, in a production of Mr. Barker's), is probably the best dramatic achievement in English since "The Cenci." A real dramatist was lost in Meredith. Of the novelists of the '70's, Mr. Hugh Walpole writes with affectionate enthusiasm. Henry Kingsley and Charles Reade, two underestimated names, were the characteristic novelists of the '70's, while the high-brows were busy making a name for the young Thomas Hardy, and for George Meredith in his prime.

Such is the bundle of flowers to be gathered from this little field of essays. The decade was not a very interesting one. It was an interlude between the dying down of the great Victorians and the first squeaks of the naughty 'nineties. Still, we should not forget the great æsthetic yearning which came in with the '70's and the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood. Mrs. Cameron's photographs are perhaps the best documents for the '70's.

FRANCIS BIRRELL.

MR. GALSWORTHY IN VELLUM

The Works of John Galsworthy. Manaton Edition. Vols. XXII.-XXV. Plays, V. **A Modern Comedy**, I.-III. (Heinemann. 25s. each.)

THESE four volumes alone fill so much space, stand up so sturdily, and present so fine an expanse of white vellum and gold lettering, that the imagination boggles at the idea of the entire twenty-five. It is a little difficult to decide whether to review the Manaton Galsworthy as furniture or as literature. As furniture it can be highly recommended to young couples with large bare drawing-rooms. The individual volumes are handsome books, and though so massive, not unduly heavy to handle; the type is good, the paper comfortably white and thick. But nothing emphasizes so much as a uniform edition the gulf between the art of writing books and the art of making them. All Messrs. Heinemann required to do was to design Volume I. of the Manaton Edition. In course of time Volumes II. to XXV. fell obediently from the press, each every whit as beautiful as the first. For Mr. Galsworthy to turn out a Forsyte Saga and then *A Modern Comedy* of parallel uniformity of merit would be a miracle, and he has not performed it. "The White Monkey," "The Silver Spoon," and "Swan Song" are not a great trilogy. But although Mr. Galsworthy's position as a novelist will always be judged by other novels than these, the faults of "A Modern Comedy" are perhaps as peculiarly Galsworthian as are the merits of the Forsyte Saga. The artist dare not indulge his talent for sympathy as freely as the philanthropist or the reformer, but Mr. Galsworthy allows post-war youth to distress him beyond all measure. He is never sure that he has done justice to their little tragedies. By means of symbols of dissatisfaction and memories of former thwarted desires, their own and their parents', he sets up innumerable mirrors to reflect and

multiply the image of unhappiness. "Fleur would stand sometimes in the centre of this room, thinking—how to 'bunch' her guests, how to make her room more Chinese without making it uncomfortable; how to seem to know all about literature and politics . . . of how Wilfrid Desert was getting too fond of her; of what really was her style in dress; of why Michael had such funny ears; and sometimes she stood not thinking at all—just aching a little." With that "just aching a little" all clearness of outline and design is lost in a blur of pity. (See Mr. Fowler upon "Stock Pathos.") The chief person in the room immediately becomes Mr. Galsworthy in the act of sympathizing with a young woman two-thirds minx.

The great artists keep their creations at arm's length: they refuse to be imposed upon or exploited by the Fleurs and the Wilfrids. It almost seems as though the more detached and callous the author, the more the reader's heart is wrung. Shakespeare was not nearly sorry enough for Othello, nor Tolstoy for Anna, nor Proust for Swann. So the reader feels for them all the more deeply, bitterly, personally. But this must be said for Mr. Galsworthy's method and his heart—he keeps so close to the moods, to the spasms of righteous indignation, and even to the tantrums of post-war England, that he frequently anticipates them. The first scene of "Escape" was written two years before anyone had heard of Miss Savidge, but it expresses most clearly and forcibly the attitude of the average man since 1928 towards police methods. Such quickness of apprehension is a share of greatness, but the journalist's share.

HERMAN MELVILLE

Herman Melville. By LEWIS MUMFORD. (Cape. 12s. 6d.)

WHILE we keep by us the pioneer work of Mr. Raymond Weaver, this new and thoroughgoing study by Mr. Lewis Mumford deserves to rank as a standard introduction to the subject. Mr. Mumford, full of perceptions, not only sticks to the facts, but throws light on them; and what better service can a biographer do to hero and reader alike? He will be scolded as an enthusiast, for he speaks of Melville in the same breath as Dante, Beethoven, Shakespeare, or Buddha; but if he makes large claims, he feels able to justify them by "Moby-Dick" alone. His analysis of that work forms one of his best chapters:—

"Moby-Dick . . . is one of the first great mythologies to be created in the modern world, created, that is, out of the stuff of that world, its science, its exploration, its terrestrial daring, its concentration upon power and dominion over nature, and not out of ancient symbols, Prometheus, Endymion, Orestes, or mediæval folk-legends, like Dr. Faustus. . . . The best handbook on whaling is also—I say this scrupulously—the best tragic epic of modern times and one of the fine poetic works of all time."

Perhaps the chief limitation of "Moby-Dick" is the fact that its only heroines are cow-whales. But then he, "who captured to the full the poetry of the sea, became as bashful as a boy when he beheld Venus . . . rising from the waters he knew so well, the most unexpected of monsters, and the only denizen of the sea he dared neither snare nor harpoon nor otherwise dispose of, except by flight." The sexual element in Melville's growth, as Mr. Mumford points out, "knew no middle state between greenness and blight." Melville's infatuation with Hawthorne, though "one of the tragedies of his life," cannot be disentangled from the writing of "Moby-Dick," for "there is no doubt that the presence of Hawthorne fortified him for that endeavour."

As a stealer of fire from heaven, Melville was better equipped than many of our politer contemporaries by his contact with life in the rough. "To have faced life and death, not as abstractions, but as concrete events . . . to have thrown himself among strange men, and to have kept his own shape . . . to have been attracted by the languors and sensuous jollities of a savage life, but still more attracted by all that civilization had left with him, in hints and promises . . . to have left home a boy, innocent and unspoiled, and to have returned a man . . . full of mixed knowledge, yet still essentially innocent and unspoiled—all this had happened to Melville." He sought truth; and this

search, the expression of his tremendous honesty, is recorded throughout his work, as in the lines:—

"So put the torch to ties though dear,
If ties but tempters be.
Nor cringe if come the night:
Walk through the cloud to meet the pall,
Though light forsake thee, never fall
From fealty to light."

Those lines are another version of the moral implied in "Moby-Dick"—"Disaster, heroically encountered, is man's true happy ending."

Melville's prose was often poetry, and rewards close attention. "In a phrase like 'a soft seething foamy lull' he uses the sound of lull, rather than its sense, to convey his meaning." His verse, slipshod as much of it is, will receive in time the appreciation of the just, but there is still no cheap, complete edition of it, though he wrote lines as good as these:—

"By wintry hills his hermit-mound
The sheeted snow-drifts drape
And houseless there the snow-bird flits
Beneath the fir-trees' crape:
Glazed now with ice the cloistral vine
That hid the shyest grape."

With what he called his "infirmity of jocularity," Melville was satirist as well as poet, as acquaintances of the Hogarthian Mr. Surgeon Cuticle in "White-Jacket" will remember; and Mr. Mumford is able to clear up the legend of a mad old *douanier*, who had once "lived among the cannibals," and to show us instead one who, only six years before his death, still "bore nothing of the appearance of a man disappointed in life, but rather had an air of perfect contentment, and his conversation had much of his jovial, let-the-world-go-as-it-will spirit." We are also convinced of the comparatively quiet ending of Melville's married life, in spite of one son having shot himself and one having run away from home.

But Mr. Raymond Weaver almost alone has realized that "the final great revelation . . . of his life, Melville uttered in 'Billy Budd.'" Mr. Weaver's account of the MS. of that magnificent story is worth quoting:—

" . . . the script is in certain parts a miracle of crabbedness: misspellings in the grand manner; scraps of paragraphs cut out and pasted over disembowelled sentences; words ambiguously begun and dwindling into waves and dashes; variant readings, with no choice indicated among them."

"Billy Budd" was finished in the year of Melville's death, and in it is to be found the culmination of his restless fatalism, his fiery gloom, and his vision of beauty balanced, in the light of pity, on a tightrope over the abyss of terror.

WILLIAM PLOMER.

PÁEZ

José Antonio Páez. By R. B. CUNNINGHAME-GRAHAM. (Heinemann. 15s.)

THE War of Independence produced many romantic figures. There was Bolívar, the Liberator, possessed of wealth and position, educated in Europe and nurtured in the faith of Miranda; there was Sucre, good honest soldier set on the uncomfortable presidential chair of Bolivia; there was Páez, Mr. Cunninghame-Graham's hero, bred in the wildness of the Llanos, uneducated, yet with a soundness of mind which is surprising in one who knew no law but that of nature. If one were to summarize the position of Bolívar and Páez, one would say that what the former did for South America as a whole, the latter did for Venezuela as a State. Where these two able men differed was that one saw beyond the boundaries made by nature and custom and envisaged La Gran Columbia, something which could only exist in dreams, and which Páez with more wisdom, though possibly more narrowly, observed from the first to be impossible.

The early years of the war, the decade from 1813, saw Páez at his best and at his most romantically spectacular. The Llanos, huge plains of high grass, supplied him with tough material for his campaigns. "Such men had but scant need to fight for liberty, for they were all born free of the Llanos, where, had they known it, they were far better off than their descendants. . . ." Not that the armies raised were large. A small population and a huge country made for small armies, split up under various leaders, marching

A PIONEER WORK

SEX IN CIVILIZATION

*With an Introduction by***HAVELOCK ELLIS**

Over thirty distinguished scientists and sociologists, including William McDougall, W. J. Fielding, Judge Ben Lindsey, etc., have contributed to this notable attempt to face with intelligent courage the problems of sex as they exist to-day. 20s.

GEO. ALLEN & UNWIN LTD.

A PREFACE TO MORALS

*by***WALTER LIPPMANN**

"It throws a clear, true light on the revolution now taking place in the world's attitude towards religion. Its lucidity of style makes this book delightful to read, apart from its clear reasoning . . . It is invigorating, like a mountain walk."
—*Evening Standard*. 10s.

GEO. ALLEN & UNWIN LTD.

THE TRUTH ABOUT MIND CURE

*by***WILLIAM S. SADLER, M.D.**

"Admirable. Might be read with advantage by doctor and layman alike."—*Times Literary Supplement*.

"A scientific discussion of the question well adapted for the general reader."—*Public Opinion*. 5s.

GEO. ALLEN & UNWIN LTD.

New CAMBRIDGE Books

THE IDEA OF VALUE

By PROF. JOHN LAIRD, M.A.

Demy 8vo. 18s net.

This book is an attempt to examine the conceptions of value, goodness, and excellence, particularly aesthetic, economic, and moral values, with special reference to the opinions of philosophers upon this matter from Thomas Hobbes to the present day. It contains a chapter upon the measurement of value.

OUR FOREFATHERS THE GOTHIC NATIONS

A Manual of the Ethnography of the Gothic, German, Dutch, Anglo-Saxon, Frisian, and Scandinavian Peoples. By Gudmund Schütte, Ph.D. Volume I. Translated by Jean Young, M.A. (Cantab).

With 10 figures. Royal 8vo. 21s net.

The aim of this work is to supply the lack of a systematic ethnological description of our forefathers, the peoples of the North.

THE EMPEROR ROMANUS LECAPENUS AND HIS REIGN

A Study of 10th-century Byzantium.

By STEVEN RUNCIMAN

Demy 8vo. 16s net.

MILTON PARADISE LOST

Edited by A. W. VERITY, M.A.

Now obtainable in two volumes.

Volume I, Text. Volume II, Introductions, Notes, etc.

Crown 8vo. 7s 6d net each.

THE GERMAN INFLUENCE IN DANISH LITERATURE IN THE 18th CENTURY

By PROF. J. W. EATON

Demy 8vo. 12s 6d net.

This work, by the Professor of German Language and Literature in the University of Saskatchewan, is a study of the German circle of writers in Copenhagen from 1740 to 1770 and of the debt which Danish literature owed to them.

BEN JONSON THE SAD SHEPHERD, OR A TALE OF ROBIN HOOD

*(Cambridge Plain Texts)**Pott 8vo. 1s 3d.*

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS
FETTER LANE, LONDON, E.C.4

and counter-marching for days without coming into contact with each other, though fighting their battles with a fierceness which at once showed that the fate of the country might rest on the decision of one of these small contests. The battle of Mucuritas in 1818 was one of the first to prove Páez a skilful leader. The almost Parthian tactics of the Llaneros were effective against the more disciplined ranks of the royalists, for though there were few real Spaniards left in the country, the officers were reared in the Spanish tradition. Indeed in respect of actual men the war was of the nature of a civil war. Venezuelan royalists fought Venezuelan patriots with a fury and barbarous butchery which would hardly have been surpassed against a common enemy. "Such was guerilla warfare in those days. Republicans and Royalists alike butchering their prisoners conscientiously, salving their consciences by yelling 'liberty,' or 'loyalty,' . . ." Páez had superior qualities of generalship; though crude in many ways, he was level-headed, and it was that quality which raised him, first, to the head of the army, and then of the State. Like Sucre in Bolivia, he came to grief in politics. The presidential chair was an uneasy seat for one who was used to roaming the Llanos on horseback. There is the tragedy in his last years which we expect in one who attains such power and popularity; the wheel of fortune turns quickly in South American politics. Simon Bolívar gave his fortune and his life to a people who were ungrateful when he died. Páez, who lived longer, had, maybe, more compensations, but his end was the same.

Mr. Cunninghame-Graham has written a sympathetic biography of one of the most interesting of the South American patriots. He has treated a romantic figure in a romantic manner; he can rise to great heights of a style which, if flowery, is never tedious and always pleasant.

POETRY

Pansies. By D. H. LAWRENCE. (Secker. 10s. 6d.)

Poems of Eva Gore-Booth. Complete Edition. (Longmans. 8s. 6d.)

Pomegranate Flower. By MARGARET MAITLAND RADFORD. (Scholartis Press. 7s. 6d.)

Easter. A Play for Singers. By JOHN MASEFIELD. (Heinemann. 2s.)

THE police have hastened to review Mr. Lawrence's latest poems, and in consequence, as he contemptuously admits in his preface, a dozen of them have not been printed. Whatever the political or ethical aspects of this action, it is almost certainly idiotic as a practical piece of literary criticism. For if the obscenity of Mr. Lawrence exists, it exists in all his poems. You cannot profitably say "Here he goes too far" because the lengths to which he goes are consistently equal; and it is as sensible to capture a flying atom or two exploded from this fount of furious energy as to lop off a dozen leaves of a tree because its overpowering vulgar habit offends you. The remarkable thing about Mr. Lawrence is that one who lives at such a pitch of primitive feeling should be so ferociously articulate. Men who live as close to nature as he do not usually say anything at all. They express themselves in gusts of physical energy, they exult and suffer in violent silence. But with Mr. Lawrence it is words that are always at the boil. The prevailing mood of his poetry is one of anger, rebellion, and contempt. He hates the mess men are now making of their lives by intellectualizing their emotions and organizing themselves into slavery. To mate, to work, to know one's desire and fulfil it—this is to live; but to poke at sex with the mind, to work only to get money, to be cultured instead of in a glowing state of nature—this is putrefaction. The respectable man is Mr. Lawrence's enemy. Accosting him everywhere, he says, "You bloody fool, take that," and that is delivered not with a fist but with a pen. A large proportion of the free verse explosions in this book can only claim to be poetry because they are extremely direct and telling outbursts of concentrated fury. Sometimes the claim vanishes altogether:—

"The only reason for living is being fully alive;
and you can't be fully alive if you are crushed by secret fear
and bullied with the threat: Get money, or eat dirt!—

and forced to do a thousand mean things meaner than your nature,
and forced to clutch on to possessions in the hope they'll make you feel safe,
and forced to watch everyone that comes near you, lest they've come to do you down"—

and so on, in crude prose, as long as the human race occupies him. But when Mr. Lawrence looks at the good life of an elephant, a snake, or a flower his fury falls away. Here is vital energy unimpeded by the upstart mind. Mr. Lawrence understands that, and celebrates it in verse which is ennobled by an extraordinarily powerful intuitive perception:—

"O flowers they fade because they are moving swiftly;
a little torrent of life leaps up to the summit of the stem,
gleams, turns over round the bend of the parabola of curved flight, sinks, and is gone, like a comet curving into the invisible."

The Mr. Lawrence who has written some of the best animal poems in the language is not different from the squirter of Billingsgate. It is the same man, gravely at ease among his friends.

Miss Gore-Booth was also a rebel against much of the modern world, but she fought with different weapons. Miss Roper's biographical sketch shows a charming, sensitive woman whose life was lived on the edge of storm. She was sister to Countess Markievicz, friend of Roger Casement, sympathizer with extreme pacifists, worker amongst women in Manchester slums, but not much of this emerges objectively in her poems. This is not the place to examine in detail what has been claimed for her, that she is in the front rank of religious poets. There was a poet in her, but the best of her poetry, it seems, was lived, not written. Much of her copious early work is twilit, vague, and sweet with the choky charm of "The Little Waves of Breffny." Later, when her religious imagination concentrates definitely upon the figure of Jesus, her verse strengthens, its lights and shadows grow sharper, the mists begin to disperse. But her poems never oppose to the reader's mind a darkness like that of a shut door behind which beats a great light: she found God in the natural world too often and too easily:—

"Secretly out of the earth one night
Slip yellow and white;
Suddenly, without a sound,
Blue rises out of the ground. . . .
What happy person ever sees
Green steal out of the trees?
Red is on us now and gold;
Which of us saw a rose unfold?
Who watched the gradual brightness creep
Like a dream out of sleep?
Unseen, unknown, beautiful, dumb,
Colour into our world has come.
Blue and Gold, and Green and Red—
The love of God, our daily bread."

Doubtless that poem was conceived in the last two lines, but it is complete and more beautiful without them.

In contrast, listen to Miss Radford:—

"The daisies are tightly enamelled,
The primroses are a warm froth,
The upright stems of the cowslips
Are grey white velvet cloth,
Very chill is the back of the finch that died,
Soft, urgent, the pulse of the moth.
Cold and clear is the slate-paved dairy,
Dreaming, warm, is the stable the old horse was in.—
Cool is the little round stone from the river,
Cool is the baby's chin."

That is a bare statement which would spurn a moral: a compact, hard little affair of eye, hand, and brain. Superficially a catalogue, underneath it is a perfect little world, into which a heart has breathed life, and withdrawn itself. There are not many poems in Miss Radford's book; most of them are short and at a high emotional potential. It is very refreshing to recognize a strong poetic impulse which refuses to weaken itself by overflowing.

Mr. Masefield has written the verses for a play for singers about the Resurrection. The verse is neat, melodious, and unexceptionable in feeling, but something more than that is needed to justify a paraphrase of the Gospel narrative. This is not one of Mr. Masefield's notable works.

BARRINGTON GATES.

THE POISON OF PRUDERY

by WALTER M. GALLICHAN.

This is the first historical survey of prudery extant, and is the outcome of the suppression of *The Well of Loneliness*. After pointing out the immense social and moral importance of the subject, the author deals with prudery as the enemy of sex morality; its effect upon national and individual health; prudery and art and literature; hindrance to scientific inquiry and discussion; the most irrational force in civilised society; prudery fosters sex vice; the reaction in pornography and perversion; prudery and veiled indecency and reaction in obscenity, etc., etc. 7/6 net

WHAT CHEER?

1597 merry, up-to-date stories for all occasions. A godsend for fathers and public speakers. Compiled by RALPH SCOTT. With index. 6/- net.

LAURIES NOVEL LIST 7/6 each

JIM TRENT - - - by R. W. Kauffman
Author of "Daughters of Ishmael."

THE JUNGLE - - - by Upton Sinclair
Author of "Oil!" (65th edition).

FLAMES OF VELVET - - by Maurice Dekobra
Author of "The Madonna of the Sleeping Cars."

THIS YEAR, NEXT YEAR by J. W. Drawbell
Editor of "The Sunday Chronicle." (2nd Edition).

CHRONICLES OF A GIGOLO by Julian Swift
(Second large impression.)

T. WERNER LAURIE, LTD.,
COBHAM HOUSE, WATER LANE, LONDON, E.C.4

THE REALIST

The New Journal of Scientific Humanism

Price 2s. net

Leading Contents for August:

- | | |
|---|--------------------|
| Minds Across the Sea .. | Wickham Steed |
| Emergent Evolution .. | C. Lloyd Morgan |
| The Future of the Earth
(III) | Harold Jeffreys |
| The Races of Mankind .. | H. J. Fleure |
| An International Language | Norman R. Campbell |
| International Banks .. | T. E. Gregory |
| War Explosives and
Research | Arthur Marshall |
| The Public Schools .. | Claudius |
| Goethe's View of Nature | G. Lowes Dickinson |
| English Literature and the
Bible | Winifred Holtby |
| Tendencies in Modern
Decoration in England | Robert Lutyens |
| Reproduced Music .. | Watson Lyle |
| etc., etc., etc. | |

To be obtained through all Booksellers, Railway Bookstalls
and from

MACMILLAN & CO. LTD., London, W.C.2.



Ready
next Friday



W. B. Maxwell's

great long new novel

Himself and Mr. Raikes

By the Author of "We Forget Because We Must, etc." The desire for better things, distrust of self, and a determination that nobody shall discover his weakness—these things control the mind of a gifted but highly sensitive young man, and modify his actions in every adventure of life.

Mr. Maxwell is one of those few novelists whose work is profound in the knowledge it displays of human nature. The characters are real and alive; thus we gain from this not only entertainment but a clearer insight into the complexity of society

Anthony Gibbs'

Young Apollo

By the Author of "Enter—A Greek." This story tells of four young people thrown together by the chance tides of life, who meet at Oxford and declare together their ideals and aspirations. The tale is inconclusive as all real life must be. The reader will find them looking towards life, full of hopes and poses and pleasant ignorance of reality.

EACH 7/6

Send Post Card for Spring List No. 48.



HUTCHINSON

& Co. (Publishers) Ltd., Paternoster Row, E.C.4.
Also Publishers of HUTCHINSON'S MAGAZINE
and WOMAN. 1/- each Monthly.



READY TO-DAY

MEMORIES AND MUSINGS

By the Rt. Rev. Sir D. O. HUNTER-BLAIR, BART., O.S.B.

Author of *Flying Leaves*, *A Medley of Memories*, etc. 85 short essays on a wide range of subjects—including Tiaras, Trollope, Centenarians, Umbrellas, the Evil Eye, Hymn-singing, Greengages, Freemasonry, and Dr. Pusey—all written with the author's accustomed wit and charm of style. 7/6

THE TREATY OF THE LATERAN

By BENEDICT WILLIAMSON,
with a Foreword by CARDINAL BOURNE.

A short historical account of the Roman Question and how it was settled, including a complete translation of the Treaty and Concordat, with other documents necessary for the understanding of what has been done. 3/6

BURNS OATES & WASHBOURNE (1929) Limited,
43, 44, 45 Newgate Street, E.C.1

THE SOVIET UNION AND PEACE

A collection of the principal official documents on the peace question issued by the Soviet Government since November, 1927.

With an Introduction by Henri Barbusse.

Seven Shillings and Sixpence.

MARTIN LAWRENCE LTD.,

26, BEDFORD ROW :: :: LONDON, W.C.1

NOVELS IN BRIEF

The Listener's History of Music. By PERCY A. SCHOLÉS. Vols. II. and III. (Oxford University Press, and Milford. 6s. each.)

These two volumes conclude Mr. Scholes's History, which is a useful little book for the not too advanced concert-goer or gramophone user. Vol. II. covers the romantic and national music of the nineteenth century. The first chapter deals with the romantic attitude generally. In the second Mr. Scholes treats of romance in music, and particularly of Weber, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Chopin. There are chapters dealing with song and opera, and the last chapter of this section is devoted to short biographies and appreciations of the leading romantic composers. Another section covers the romantic-nationalist movement from Smetana to Parry and Stanford. The third volume brings us down to contemporary music. It is divided into three periods: that of the impressionist school, which begins with Debussy; the neo-romantics, beginning with Franck; and the anti-romantics, of whom perhaps the leading example is Stravinsky.

Second Essays on Advertising. By J. MURRAY ALLISON. (Benn. 8s. 6d.)

This is a much more mature work than the "First Essays" published by this author a year or two ago. The Essay entitled "Buy British Goods" is perhaps the most interesting, and the writer has the courage to acknowledge where he went wrong in his earlier essays on this topic. One is left wishing that he had applied his conclusions to the specific question of how far the Advertising of the Empire Marketing Board has failed to achieve its purpose. There is, too, a very suggestive and provocative essay on "World Wide Publicity for the League of Nations." The book is interesting to advertising men as an indication of the many further avenues in which Advertising can be utilized; but it should prove stimulating reading to politicians and students of social problems and all those who airily think of Advertising as an unnecessary charge on industry.

The Works of Sir Thomas Browne. Edited, in six volumes, by GEOFFREY KEYNES. Vol. IV. (Faber & Faber. Four guineas the set.)

This fourth volume of an edition previously reviewed in these columns contains the two famous pieces "Hydriotaphia" and "The Garden of Cyrus," but Mr. Keynes has interpolated between them the less well known "Concerning Some Urnes Found in Brampton Feild in Norfolk."

Nationality: Its Nature and Problems. By BERNARD JOSEPH. (Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d.)

Mr. Joseph "analyzes" and defines nationality with a smattering of psychology and anthropology, and describes its evolution in Europe and the East with more than a smattering of history. Indeed, the historical section is the best part of his book. He denies the claims of the Oriental "national groups" to nationality because they concentrate on political rather than economic independence. His solution for all the problems of nationality is international co-operation. Very easy; but he does not tell us how to achieve it.

Survey of International Affairs, 1927. By ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE. (Oxford University Press, and Milford. 24s.)

This new volume of the Survey which Professor Toynbee writes for the Royal Institute of International Affairs is as admirably produced as its predecessors. The most interesting part of it is the first 83 pages dealing with security and disarmament. It covers the work of the League's Preparatory Commission and the negotiations on naval disarmament from the end of the Washington Conference to the end of the Three-Power Conference at Geneva which failed to secure any agreement. Many people will find the sections dealing with events in China and in Mexico of great value.

AUCTION BRIDGE

By CALIBAN.

"THIRD PLAYER, PLAY HIGH"

THERE is no more certain sign of mediocrity at Bridge than subservience to a few imperfectly understood maxims, such as players of a well-known type exhibit. They make the mistake of regarding such maxims as infallible, and of acting upon them slavishly, instead of relying, as they would be better advised to do, upon their own skill and judgment. As a result, they are continually throwing away games which could easily be saved—to the natural annoyance of their partners, while they themselves learn nothing in the process.

It cannot be too often repeated that these maxims, which are responsible, in my opinion, for a great deal of avoidable bad play, are merely generalizations, and that exceptional cases are always presenting themselves to which they do not apply. "Cover an honour with an honour"; "Never finesse against your partner"; "Third player, play high," these, in their way, are excellent working rules. But it must be borne in mind that they are nothing more. It is important that one should know them; it is important also that one should know when to ignore them.

These remarks are prompted by two examples, which I have recently witnessed, of very expensive blunders, for which in each case the same defence was set up: that "third player was expected to play high." Well, so he is—if there is no good reason to the contrary! But how pathetic it is to see a generalization of this kind regarded, not as one's servant, but with the deference that the South Sea Islander accords to his favourite fetish.

Let me set out the two hands in question as an Awful Warning to the reader:—

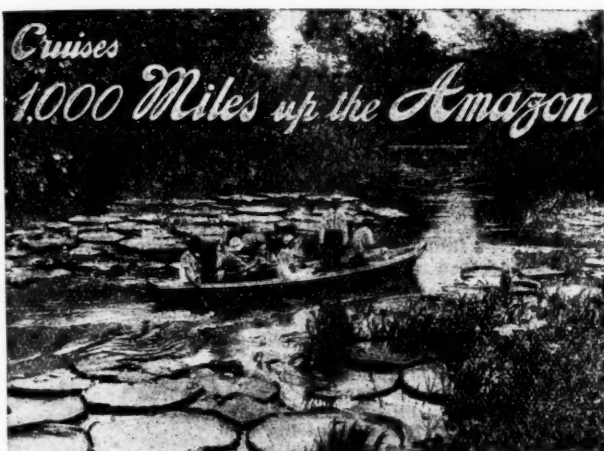
♠ K x		♠ Q x x x
♥ x x		♥ J 10 x x
♦ A x x x		♦ x x x
♣ A 10 x x x		♣ x x
♠ x	Y	
♥ A K x x x	A B	
♦ K J x	Z	
♣ J x x x		
♠ A J 10 x x x		
♥ Q x		
♦ Q 10 x		
♣ K Q		

EXAMPLE 1.—The Score was love-all in the rubber game. Z dealt, and called One Spade; A, Two Hearts; Y, Two Spades; B, Three Hearts (!); Z, Three Spades; A, Four Hearts; Y, Four Spades. All passed. B's call of Three Hearts was, of course, indefensible, but he followed it up with an error in play more costly than it would have proved to go down in Four Hearts doubled.

A led out his King and Ace of Hearts and then, at Trick 3, his singleton Spade. Z played the small Spade from Dummy, and it was then that B's lapse occurred. He presented his adversaries with game and rubber by putting up the Queen. Inspection of the hands will show that, unless he does this, YZ can only make nine tricks; for B must make the Queen of Spades if he holds it up, and A must make either a Club or a Diamond. (The hand, by the way, is an interesting one, and will repay detailed analysis.)

B's defence, as I have mentioned, was that "he thought it was his business, as third player, to put up his highest Spade." His failure to think out the position for himself cost his side 336 points.

♠ J 6 4		♠ Q 10 8 7
♥ Q 6 3		♥ K 7 2
♦ 7		♦ 5 4 3
♣ K Q J 9 8 5		♣ 10 7 3
♠ 5 2	Y	
♥ 10 9 8 4	A B	
♦ K J 10 8 2	Z	
♣ A 4		
♠ A K 9 3		
♥ A J 5		
♦ A Q 9 6		
♣ 6 2		



THE HOME OF THE GIANT VICTORIA REGIA.

In The R.M.S. HILDEBRAND

Sailings from LIVERPOOL Sept. 17th & Nov. 15th, 1929

Also 1930, Jan. 9th, March 18th, May 20th,
July 15th, Sept. 16th, Nov. 18th.

Visiting picturesque Portugal, Madeira—the garden island of the Sea—and the mysterious forests of the Great Amazon.

Fare for the Six Weeks' Round Cruise from

£90 to £120

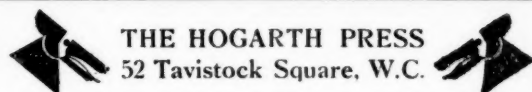
including all the organised shore excursions.

Write for Illustrated Book "L" Cruise Dept.

BOOTH LINE

11 Adelphi Terrace
LONDON, W.C.2

Cunard Building
LIVERPOOL



THE HOGARTH PRESS

52 Tavistock Square, W.C.

"Light and amusing reading."—*The Times*.

The Foreigner in the Family

By **WILFRID BENSON**

7s. 6d. net

"Likely to achieve popularity . . . Far better written, more intelligent and more witty than the usual comedy of errors, whilst the fun is funnier, the characterisation less crude."

—*Nation*.

"A lively comedy of errors and of manners."

—*Spectator*.

Undying Faces

By **ERNST BENKARD**

30s.

"A most curious and interesting book. It contains 112 photographs, and they are admirable, of masks of famous men taken after death. The greater number of these plates are absorbingly and even thrillingly interesting. We have here an album of the heads of the famous. Of interest to all pre-occupied with what is remarkable in human nature."

—*Sunday Times*.



THE SLUM CHILD'S SUMMER

PLAYING in narrow, filthy streets, breathing a fetid atmosphere week in and week out, with no respite—this is the pitiful existence of many a poor slum child.

How they would welcome a change! The Church Army is trying to make it possible. Will YOU help?

£5 will give three children and their jaded mother a fortnight's holiday.

£1. 1s. will send poor mother and baby away for one week.

Smaller or larger gifts also welcomed.

Cheques crossed "Barclay's a/c Church Army," payable to PREB. CARLILE, C.H., D.D., Hon. Chief Secretary, 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

CHURCH ARMY
FRESH AIR HOMES

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

CONTENTS: AUGUST, 1929. 3s. 6d. net.

PRESIDENT HOOVER AND EUROPE By S. K. RATCLIFFE
PARLIAMENTARY PROSPECTS By F. KINGSLEY GRIFFITH, M.C., M.P.
THE PACT OF THE LATERAN By ALGERNON CECIL
THE SOUTH AFRICAN GENERAL ELECTION By P. A. MOLTONO
PROGRESS IN EGYPT By Major E. W. POLSON NEWMAN
THE BALTIC STATES TO-DAY By H. CHARLES WOODS
A THIRTEENTH-CENTURY MIRACLE By the Right Hon. GODFREY LOCKER LAMPSON, M.P.
THE ARAB MANDATES By ROBERT GORDON CANNING
BERGSON AND TRAGEDY By G. TURQUET-MILNES
DEFOE'S ENGLAND By GILBERT THOMAS
POST-WAR CO-OPERATION IN GERMANY By D. N. BANNERJEA
IN HUNGARIAN MARSHES By T. A. COWARD
FOREIGN AFFAIRS By GEORGE GLASGOW
LABOUR FOREIGN POLICY; RELATIONS WITH RUSSIA; ANGLO-AMERICAN RELATIONS; REPARATION AND DEBT; THE RHINELAND; THE OPTIONAL CLAUSE; CHINA.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT: REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

Publishing Office: 19, CURSITOR STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

If you find any difficulty in obtaining the NATION and ATHENÆUM locally, you should order it to be supplied by post from this office.

Inland and Abroad: 3 months 7/6; 6 months 15/-; 12 months £1 10s.

ORDER FORM.

To The Manager, "The Nation and Athenæum," 38, Great James Street, Bedford Row, W.C.1.

Please send me "The Nation and Athenæum" by post weekly. I enclose cheque or Postal Order for months.

NAME

ADDRESS

EXAMPLE 2.—This also is an interesting and rather difficult hand, though the blunder committed by B was an elementary one. At the score of Love-All, Z dealt and called One No-Trump, and all passed. A led the Knave of Diamonds. Z took the first trick with the Queen, and in two rounds cleared Dummy's Clubs. AB were now "on velvet," for B sat over both of Dummy's entry cards. Yet when, at trick 4, A led the Ten of Hearts, and Z played the Three from Dummy, B, to his partner's consternation, put his King up. Once again, the excuse was that it was his business to play his highest. Result: ZY made six tricks, where they would have had great difficulty, otherwise, in making two, while they could not conceivably have gone game. The importance of using one's discretion, rather than playing slavishly to rule, could hardly be better illustrated.

NEW GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

COLUMBIA RECORDS

The Sheffield Choir give us a fine choral record of four songs from Handel's "Judas Maccabæus" (12-in. record. 9724. 4s. 6d.). A good 'cello record is Simonetti's Madrigale and Mehul's Gavotte, played by Mr. Squire (10-in. record. D1652. 4s. 6d.). The Madami Guitar Quartet nearly always play good, and often charming old music. This time they give us a Giga of Vivaldi and Andante Mosso of Scarlatti (10-in. record. 5396. 3s.).

Of lighter orchestral records the Overture to J. Strauss's "Fledermaus," played by the Berlin State Orchestra under Bruno Walter, can be recommended (12-in. record. L2311. 6s. 6d.). A French Orchestra plays characteristically Saint-Saens's "Le Rouet d'Omphale" (9719. 4s. 6d.), and an English band, the Grenadier Guards, hardly less characteristically, selections from Sullivan's "Ivanhoe" (9721. 4s. 6d.). And we may add to this national list the Prelude to Act 3 of "La Tosca," played by the Italian Orchestra of Milan (5394. 3s.).

EDUCATIONAL RECORDS

MR. PLUNKET, on the "Art of Singing" (D40149-50), is very interesting in the new batch of records issued by Columbia and the International Society at 4s. 6d. each. Another welcome new-comer is Dr. Ashby, on "The Origin and Growth of Rome" (D40153-4.). Sir George MacDonald deals with "The Romans in Britain" in his second lecture of the series (D40155-6), and Professor Parsons gives his fourth lecture on "The Englishman through the Ages" (D40151-2).

THE SUMMER SEASON

THE Gramophone companies seem to assume that in the summer people only want "light music." The H.M.V. have a thin selection. A single record of Elgar's "Wand of Youth" Suite contains the overture, serenade, minuet, and sun dance, and is played by the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by the composer (D1636. 6s. 6d.). Amelita Galli-Curci sings Solveig's song from Grieg's "Peer Gynt" suite, and "Lo! Here the Gentle Lark" (12-in. record. DB1278. 8s. 6d.). It is a pity that anyone with her voice should not sing better music. Mischa Elman's virtuosity as a violinist is wasted on Weinawski's "Caprice in E flat major," and even on Rachmaninoff's "Vocalise," though the latter is at least pleasantly musical (10-in. record. DA1033. 6s.). The New Light Symphony Orchestra plays "Juba Dance" and "From the Canebrake" (B3043. 3s.).

Columbia have a rather better selection. The Concerti Grossi of the Italian predecessors of Bach are not often heard; Vivaldi's Concerto Grosso in D minor, played by the Zurich Tonhalle Orchestra, has considerable charm and makes an interesting record (9823. 4s. 6d.). The Concertgebouw Orchestra under Mengelberg give an excellent performance of Weber's "Oberon" Overture (Two 12-in. records. L2312-3), the fourth side being devoted to Dvorak's Slavonic Dance in G minor, played by the New Queen's Hall Orchestra.

Yelli d'Aranyi plays beautifully in two violin solos, Beethoven's "Rondino" and Gluck's "Melodie" (5427. 3s.). The Poltronieri String Quartet play a lovely and well-known movement from Haydn's Quartet in C, and a much less lovely movement from a Mendelssohn Quartet (9824. 4s. 6d.). There is a vocal record in which Harold Williams and Francis Russell sing two famous duets from Verdi's "Otello," unfortunately in English (9827. 4s. 6d.).

Light Orchestral Music is provided by the Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra under Sir Dan Godfrey playing "The Merry Brothers" and "Echoes of the Valley" (9821. 4s. 6d.), and the Regal Cinema Orchestra playing "Four Ways" Suite (Two 12-in. records. 9756-7. 4s. 6d. each.).

THE OWNER-DRIVER

"CARRIAGES WITHOUT HORSES SHALL GO"

A WELL-KNOWN owner-driver who went to Harrogate for the Royal Show and who spent last week-end exploring some of the historic spots in Yorkshire, including Knaresborough, where Mother Shipton's Well is a perennial attraction, asks if I can give him the details of the old witch's famous Prophecy. It was published in 1448 and was expressed in verse:—

"Carriages without horses shall go,
And accidents fill the world with woe.
Around the earth thoughts shall fly
In the twinkling of an eye.
The world upside down shall be,
And gold be found at the root of a tree.
Through hills man shall ride,
And no horse be at his side.
Under water men shall walk,
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk.
In the air men shall be seen,
In white, in black, in green.
Iron in the water shall float,
As easy as a wooden boat.
Gold shall be found and shown
In a land that's not now known.
Fire and water shall wonders do,
England shall at last admit a foe.
The world to an end shall come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one."

The year 1881 has gone and the world has not come to an end yet, but "carriages without horses," men in the air, submarines, wireless, and iron ships have fulfilled the old dame's prophecy. I wonder what she would have said if she could have seen the Royal Show, with its exhibits of fire engines on Morris chassis and motor vans fitted with equipment for the milking of cows in the field, without driving the beasts to a mistal!

Even before the days of Mother Shipton there were people with a vision, as the wide, well-built road between Boroughbridge and Catterick testifies. The Romans made their highways as straight as an arrow in order to "minimize the risk of surprise and ambush!"

May the Ministry of Transport copy their example!

MODERN SERVICE EQUIPMENT

By stages, owner-drivers are having their worries removed. Yesterday in the back street of a Yorkshire town of less than forty thousand inhabitants I had a saloon washed, polished and greased in an hour, and defective elements in the car battery removed and replaced, fully charged, whilst I was enjoying a cigar in the waiting room! Every particle of grease and dirt on the undercarriage, engine, gear box, back axle and axles was removed with hydraulic equipment and the coachwork was dried by compressed air and then polished with a perfectly clean chamois leather. Then the car was raised bodily several feet from the floor and a powerful gun forced clean grease through every nipple on the chassis. The latter operation was completed in a good five minutes.

The battery was placed in a hot-steam box to melt the vulcanite sealing, the plates were drawn out and examined, and new elements, fully charged, taken from stock, replaced the defective parts. Within an hour, and whilst the car was being cleaned, the accumulator was made as good as new, and the engine was set going again with the electric starter.

Good luck to the firms who have the enterprise to provide plant capable of rendering such expeditious service.

FIVE-SHILLING CAR PARKS

The R.A.C. officials inform me that in six weeks, commencing June 1st, they handled over 100,000 vehicles in car parks in various parts of the country. I can tell them that the R.A.C. made few friends at the Royal Show last week. Yorkshiremen do not see the equity of a charge of 5s. for the privilege of leaving a car on an open piece of ground for a few hours. Into whose coffers do all the dollars go?

RAYNER ROBERTS.

Bona-fide readers of THE NATION may submit any of their motor inquiries to our Motoring Correspondent for his comments and advice. They should be addressed: Rayner Roberts, THE NATION AND ATHENÆUM, 38, Great James Street, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.

LE TOUQUET

2½ HOURS FROM PARIS. 4 HOURS FROM LONDON.
DAILY AIR SERVICES & PULLMAN TRAINS.

UNINTERRUPTED SEASON
FROM EASTER TO OCTOBER

GOLF (45 holes) TENNIS (40 courts)
HORSE SHOW — POLO — DRAG-HUNTS
YACHTING

THE
WESTMINSTER

in the forest—close to Casino.
250 rooms with bath and 'phone.

THE
GRAND HOTEL

on the Beach—latest—
200 rooms with bath and 'phone.

The authoritative Medical Review

"The Practitioner" says

"These tablets (Genasprin) are claimed to be prepared from a very pure brand of acetyl-salicylic acid. Analysis proves that this claim is quite justified, the tests showing no traces of either free salicylic or free acetic acids. The tablets break up easily in water."

GENASPRIN

The SAFE Brand of Aspirin

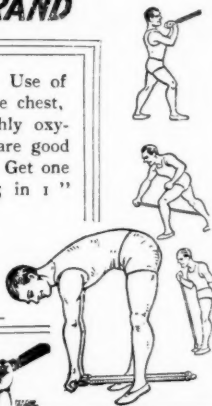
At all Chemists—2/- per bottle of 35 tablets.

GENATOSAN LTD., LOUGHBOROUGH LEICESTERSHIRE

10 minutes on a TERRY STEELSTRAND

Keeps open the channels of health. Use of a "Terry" steelstrand opens out the chest, corrects round shoulders, and richly oxygenates the blood. The exercises are good for the liver and digestive organs. Get one and maintain health. A "Terry 5 in 1" 9½ lb. pull, 20s.; 19 lbs. pull, 22s. 6d.; 23 lbs. 25s., with three fine charts. List free. If difficult to buy locally please write to us.

Herbert Terry & Sons, Ltd.
Redditch, Eng. Est. 1845.



RNL

HELP A BRITISH ENTERPRISE.

British in the men engaged in it; British in its material,
British in that, while it serves
THE SEAFARERS OF THE WORLD
its chief work is done for
BRITISH SEAMEN;
British above all in its spirit.

Will YOU help a BRITISH enterprise
THE LIFE-BOAT SERVICE?

It is supported solely by VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.
Please give now, and remember the Life-boats in your Will.

SEND 5/- TO-DAY

THE EARL OF HARROWBY
Honorary Treasurer

GEORGE F. SHEE, M.A.,
Secretary.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION,
Life-Boat House, 22, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2.

GILBERT FRANKAU; NEW NOVEL



DANCE LITTLE GENTLEMAN

HUTCHINSON!

MOTORING is specially nourishing!

Rowntree's Motoring Chocolate is specially nourishing with its crisp white almonds and plump juicy raisins. A half-pound cake is a meal in itself and it does not make you thirsty.

ROWNTREE'S MOTORING CHOCOLATE

Plain or Milk with Almonds and Raisins

½-lb. cakes 1/-; 6d. squares & 2d. bars

FINANCIAL SECTION

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

WEAK MARKETS—SLUMP IN GAMBLER—METROPOLE AND NUERA—ROYAL MAIL—BALTIMORE

THE volume of business on the Stock Exchange is said to be less than half what it was a year ago. That is probably putting it rather low, and does not take into account the business which has come to London jobbers and brokers as a result of the activity in New York. It is usual, of course, to mistake some of the evidences of weak markets—such as the losses on new issues and the underwriting failures—for the causes, but it must be admitted that the effect of market weakness is cumulative and that the lower prices fall, the greater will be the liquidation from weak "bulls" or nervous shareholders. Fundamentally the cause of Stock Exchange depression is the economic condition of this country. On the one hand there is a high Bank rate, which has not yet stopped the export of gold—over £2,000,000 went to France and Germany on Monday and Tuesday this week—and on the other hand there is a slight increase in unemployment and an apparent slackening off in trade and industry. Whether these two events are interconnected it is not for us to discuss in this column, but the plain fact remains that the Stock Exchange is depressed because there is nothing for the professionals "to go for." The public will generally follow a good Stock Exchange lead, but the absence of professional activity is evidence of the stagnation prevalent in the economic affairs of this country.

We have said that the average decline in Stock Exchange business securities since the beginning of the year has been 11.6 per cent. The slump in the speculative new issues of the 1928 boom has been much more serious. Here are some figures which indicate the steep fall in the market prices of typical artificial silk, gramophone, films, safety glass, or "patent" company promotions:—

		Prices			
			Highest	To-day	
	Issue	Shs.	1928	day	Decline
Acetate Products	... Oct. 1928	£1	11/3	2/9	75.55
Acetate Products	... Oct. 1928	1/-	3/6	4½d	89.28
British Acetate Silk	... Apl. 1928	£1	18/6	3/6	81.08
British Acetate Silk	... Apl. 1928	1/-	7/-	9d	89.28
Clifphone & Records	June 1928	10/-	7/9	2/-	74.19
Clifphone & Records	June 1928	1/-	5/3	2d	97.14
Metropole Gram.	... July 1928	1/-	26/-	3/6	86.54
Whitehall Films	... July 1928	£1	18/-	2/6	86.11
Whitehall Films	... July 1928	1/-	3/6	1d	97.62
British Phototone	... July 1928	5/-	11/-	1/-	90.91
Safetex Safety Glass	... Jan. 1928	1/-	15/6	1/-	93.55
Photo-Matik Portraits	Oct. 1928	1/-	2/3	1d	96.30
Anti-Dazzle Screens	... June 1928	1/-	17/3	5½d	97.34

Of this imposing list Anti-Dazzle has gone into voluntary liquidation, Clifphone has submitted to a committee of inspection, Photo-Matik has sought refuge in a merger with Auto-Portraits, and Safetex and Whitehall Films have to submit to a further inquisition within three months. The declines from the high level of 1928 represent a total market depreciation for these companies of £6,344,989

The speculators who bought these shares were for the most part men and women of slender means who could ill afford the losses of 80 per cent. to 90 per cent. It is to be hoped that they have learned a lesson and will in future avoid issues of a gambling nature, especially if they are promoted by issuing houses of poor standing. Let them, however, take heart that speculators of more ample means and wider experience have also lost considerable sums of money. For example, the Metropole Gramophone (now "Industries") Company was backed by responsible houses in the City. Its 1s. shares rose to 26s., were "talked" to 40s., and dividends of 100 per cent. were anticipated. The accounts recently presented do, indeed, show capital profits of £143,224 on deals with subsidiary "patent" companies, but there is a trading loss of £42,589 after allowing for "non-recurrent expenditure incurred in establishing the company in a highly technical and competitive business." If anyone had dared to talk

in this fashion twelve months ago he would have been considered mad. Again, a good deal of influential support was accorded to Nuera Art-Silk 4s. deferred shares up to 35s. The artificial silk produced under the Lilienfeld process, which this Company owns, was so good that Courtaulds took up the exclusive selling rights. Yet the 1928 accounts disclose a trading loss of £12,500 after debiting £60,000 to development account in respect of salaries, wages, and general trade charges. The 4s. deferred shares now stand at 6s. 6d.

When two noble brothers, both Chairmen of a host of City companies, quarrel and pick their quarrel over a Company of such national importance as the Royal Mail, we feel that the dispute should be submitted to a judicial Committee of City Peers. The trouble started when the auditor of the Royal Mail qualified his 1928 report with the remark that depreciation of the fleet had been calculated at a lower rate than hitherto. Lord St. Davids, a trustee for the 1st and 2nd debenture holders, issued a circular to the 1st debenture holders in which he stated that he was concerned about the Company's affairs and had been refused an interview with the auditor. Lord Kysant described his brother's circular as an "attack," and declared that Lord St. Davids had refused his offer of a personal discussion of the position. While we are entirely in accord with brotherly love, we cannot help being persuaded that Lord St. Davids is on the side of light and Lord Kysant on the side of darkness. The scandal of the Royal Mail, and of the shipping industry as a whole, has been the unintelligibility of the annual accounts. In these days it is preposterous that the affairs of the largest shipping concern in the world, controlling directly or indirectly one-sixth of the whole British mercantile marine, should be conducted in an atmosphere of mystery. The accounts disclose only "profit balances," which are arrived at after adjustments for depreciation and income tax reserves, but the amounts of these adjustments are never stated and the profits derived from associated companies—Lampport and Holt, Elder Dempster, African Steamship, Argentine Navigation, White Star—are never separately given. A consolidated income account and balance-sheet are clearly demanded, and if the Company were American, such accounts would be expected quarterly on the New York Stock Exchange. In the absence of full information, stockholders cannot fail to become nervous when they see the "profit balances" of the Royal Mail showing a declining tendency, and the 1928 earnings (even after crediting income tax reserves not required) falling short of the 5 per cent. actually paid on the ordinary stock. Here is the extent of the fall in Royal Mail stocks:—

	High, 1929	To-day
Royal Mail 4½% 1st Deb. ...	89½	80
Royal Mail 5% Pref. ...	81½	52
Royal Mail Ord. ...	76	59

To suggest purchases on the London Stock Exchange at the present time is a depressing proposition. We will therefore confine our recommendations to New York. We have already referred to one or two attractive American utility and trust company stocks. Railroads are also in the van of the New York "bull" movement, and for a purchase in this market we would choose Baltimore and Ohio at 135. Last year this railroad earned \$12½ per share—an increase in earnings of over 30 per cent.—and paid \$6 in dividends. Its earnings have again increased this year, and, assuming that the last half will be as good as the last half of 1928, the total earnings for the year should amount to about \$16 per share. Five of the leading American railroads are selling at 11½ times their estimated 1929 earnings, but at 135 Baltimore and Ohio is only selling at 8½ times. An increase in dividends is not impossible. At the old rate of \$6 the yield at 135 is 4.45 per cent.

n-
rt
o
o-
r-
8
g
s,
es

of
a
l,
al
ae
h
u-
a
a
at
d
nt
e-
a
y
r-
d
ne
as
se
o-
y
d
ts
er
ut
ne
d
i-
n-
e-
ts
x-
rs
it
y,
x
ly
ill

ge
ill
Ve
an
in
a
d
re
id
is
as
ld
ng
ed
ll-
e.